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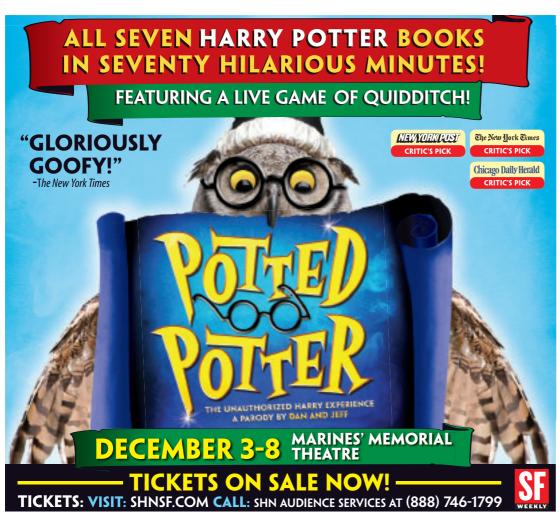


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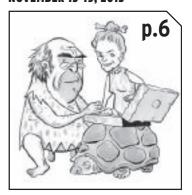
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MAN ON THE STREET

KRON's Stanley Roberts has been watching people behaving badly his whole life.

By Joe Eskenazi

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WHERE THE BUFFALONIANS ROAM

Fog City does San Francisco perfectly. Too perfectly. By Anna Roth

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"I have worked both in a public library and in a porn store, and I'll take a public library any day of the week."

AMANDLA COMMENTING ON "DOODY DECIMAL SYSTEM"

A VERY SAN FRANCISCO ELECTION

This election year was a head scratcher: Thank you, SF Weekly! I consistently vote, and share thoughts, concerns, and outrage with my well-educated friends, who, for the most part, have chosen to flatout ignore the process all together ["Our Non-Voting Guide," feature, SF Weekly Staff, 11/6]. The things San Francisco residents voted for this year really made me scratch my head (no opposition whatsoever for three incumbents?) and begrudgingly silence my inner cynic over Prop. D. Thank you for putting a smart, acidic, and funny face on these oh so San Franciscan elections.

READING RAINBOW

James

Libraries comes with a wide variety of people and smells: I have worked both in a public library and in a porn store, and I'll take a public library any day of the week ["Doody Decimal System," Joe Eskenazi,

Sucka Free City, 11/5]. I have never seen poop, per se, but books often smell like people's cooking (especially cookbooks), and other unpleasant smells (like dog smell and just yucky, musky smells). In a porn store though, any wet/sticky material is suspect.

Amandla

GALLERY

Banksy has to make a return **visit to S.F.:** I know everyone loves Banksy; I am an avid fan of his (and his team) ["Peaceful Hearts Doctor," Jonathan Curiel, arts, 11/6].

However, street art is meant to be free and fun. When this happens to other street artist's work, nobody cares. I can see how people are annoyed, but props to the dude who did it. Now Banksy will just have to come hold down his turf.

Street art comes and goes: I

remember when Shepard Fairey was the Important Graffiti Artist. Before him, there was Keith Haring. There will be others to take Banksy's place. If you're going to do graffiti art, make brilliant

Cynthia M.

BLOG COMMENT OF THE WEEK

Forget societal norms, and just **be kind:** Why do people get so hung up on made-up societal "norms"? A skirt is a piece of cloth; it's neither good nor bad ["Sasha Fleischman: Donate to Help Skirt-Wearing Teen Who Was Set on Fire on City Bus," Erin Sherbert, the Snitch, 11/6]. People who feel hatred towards others for how they dress, talk, walk, etc. are the ones with the problem. [Bay Area residents] don't put up with that shit here. The exceedingly generous donors renew my faith in humanity. Rob B.

Photo of the week from **SFWEEKLY.COM/SLIDESHOW**



Secret Party: "Memento Mori"

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Techno Neanderthalensis

The browser that dare not speak its name continues to haunt programmers.

By Rachel Swan

It's no secret that many web

developers wish Internet Explorer would go the way of VHS. It's clunky, it's slow, it's several iterations behind current browsers-of-choice like Google Chrome and Mozilla Firefox. It's the province of Microsoft PC owners who rely solely on their desktop tools, for fear of downloading anything new.

But for programmers in certain industries — particularly those targeting an older demographic — it's a cross to bear. A local programmer who designs websites for philanthropies says some clients (like the Armed Forces Benefits Association) request that all features comply with Internet Explorer 8, a browser so universally detested that even Microsoft acknowledged it sucks. By one estimate, as much as 20 percent of the Bay Area's precious tech brainpower is being used to program for the timid searcher. That brings new meaning to the ascendant San Francisco buzz-

word "disruption." From a programmer's perspective, the downside of Internet Explorer is that it doesn't hew to the same engineering standards as its competitors;

ergo, anyone building a website with a conventional programming language — i.e. Javascript — has to employ time-consuming workarounds to adapt it for Internet Explorer browsers. Not to mention it's buggy, says Xavier Damman,

digital media platform Storify:

"You enter a black hole when

co-creator of the S.F.-based

Yet there are historical reasons for Microsoft's secession from the mainstream, and according to Filipe Fortes, a former Windows programmer who currently

you try to figure out what went

helms the publisher platform at Palo Alto's Flipboard, the company didn't harbor evil intent. Nor did it foresee being a drag on the entire Internet economy.

> line would garner a tepid reception among drivers. The same fate befell Microsoft once it got sidelined by

There was a time, in fact, when

Cadillac of browsers, highly favored

Internet Explorer was the flashy

over its nearest competitor, Net-

scape. But Microsoft brass didn't

see HTML browsers as the Internet

portals of the future; they wanted

ground up. In 2002 they gutted the

Internet Explorer 6 team (including

Fortes) and effectively put the plat-

form on life support. At that time,

Microsoft still had most of the

qualified the company to steer

market share in software, which

audiences toward new technology.

It was tantamount to Henry Ford

abandoning the Model T to build

the Model A, not realizing his new

to build a new system from the

Google and Apple and became increasingly passé. Almost. It still dominates in older corporations that use PC computers, among Luddites who refuse to upgrade, and in South Korea, where all e-commerce sites operate exclusively on IE8, owing to archaic security laws.

It's a vestigial technology that persisted way past its time - the VHS tape that certain consumers just won't give up. It will linger on PC desktops and in tech worker to-do lists in the Bay Area while the rest of the world

moves on.

Heart of Glass

A UCSF surgeon marks a medical and fashionable milestone.

San Franciscans dis-

turbed by our city's acquiescence to all things tech can take solace: In a recent New Yorker essay about wandering through life wearing Google Glass, Gary Shteyngart claims that, in New York, "I am a conquering hero." In this city, however, "the term 'Glassholes' is already current."

So, leave it to San Francisco to devise a setting in which sporting Google Glass doesn't seem ostentatious. Being surrounded by anesthetized patients is a good start.

UC San Francisco's Dr. Pierre Theodore has become the first sanctioned Google Glass-wearing surgeon to receive the approval of an institutional review board — an ethical body convened to review medical research on humans. Theodore, a cardiothoracic surgeon, uploads CT and X-ray images into his Google Glass prior to an operation. He can then check these images, which are relegated to his peripheral vision, as needed, without even moving his head. "It allows you to not lose your concentration directly with the patient," he says in a UCSF-produced video.

San Franciscans may not be ready to hail a Google Glass wearer as a conquering hero. But only the most heartless person would attempt to mumble "Glasshole" to their doctor as they're slipping under. J.E.

You Can't Take it With You

What happens the day after the Day of the Dead.

When the sun rises on the

morning following Dia de los Muertos, it's an affirmation. Our loved ones may be gone. But we are here. We are alive.

And we are slobs. Department of Public Works crews burning the midnight oil this year gathered copious amounts of beer and liquor bottles, discarded food wrappers, various and sundry paper products, and whatever other detritus managed to fill many large trucks. The definition of "trash" is amorphous; as we know, it may be one man's treasure. For those driving sweeper trucks, however, any unconventional object left on the street takes on the patina of trash.

There is, however, one object even the most hardened trash-hauling DPW worker won't touch: a shrine to the dead. DPW spokeswoman Rachel Gordon confirmed

that dozens of memorials were left untouched in the days following the celebration, and will be respectfully left in place for "up to a month." This is also the department's general rule of thumb regarding impromptu shrines for accident and murder victims cropping up on city streets — "provided they're well-maintained and not blocking public access."

The rules for Garfield Park on 26th and Harrison, the epicenter of Dia de los Muertos, are less permissive. The permits obtained by The Marigold Project from the Recreation and Park Department mandate the lawn be clean by the next morn-

ing. Some participants are good about clearing out their altars by 11 p.m. Many aren't; heaps of material are left behind. Some city residents even deposit the ashes of their beloved pets — thereby scattering feline cremains in Garfield Park.

The Marigold Project, the Mission nonprofit behind the event, is unable to indulgently allow discarded shrines to sit for months on end. Quite the opposite: It disposes of shrine components with remarkable care and efficiency. Wooden and cardboard altars are fastidiously recycled and "hundreds and hundreds" of floral bouquets are composted,

per organizer Maica Folch.

She personally delivered more than 500 slightly used candles to the Scroungers' Center for Reusable Art Parts (SCRAP) in Bayview. Packaged food is disseminated to local shelters. Cigarettes are awarded to passersby "who like to smoke." And the reams of photographs are gathered into a pile and, eventually, taken to Ocean Beach for a ritualistic burning.

And the many, many bottles of tequila and other spirits left to appease the spirits?

"Those?" Folch says with a laugh. "Those we keep." **Joe Eskenazi**



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Glass Bottom Boat

Google's control over information becomes most obvious where its secrets are concerned.

By Rachel Swan

Weeks after journalists began

investigating a stack of orphaned shipping containers floating off the coast of Treasure Island, the mysterious structure remains a subject of mass fascination — and confusion. First, reporters at local news station KPIX 5 confirmed that it belonged to Google Inc., though the news station couldn't divine its purpose. Within hours, tech reporters unearthed scores of clues that turned out to be red herrings. Google had secured a patent for a floating data center in 2009, so perhaps the four-story ark housed its computer systems. Or maybe it was a research-and-development site for Google Glass. Or a future retail store. Or a science and technology museum, albeit one with a promotional ax to grind. Or a glove thrown at Apple. Or an art project. Or a publicity stunt gone too far.

The only thing we know for sure is that it's not a flux capacitor.

Even after KPIX 5 reporters claimed they'd unmasked Google's strange Flying Dutchman as a combination showroom and party boat, observers remained skeptical. And the various regulators tasked with overseeing the project offered little insight.

"We're looking for a clear characterization of this thing, and we haven't been given it, yet," National Park Service spokesman Howard Levitt says, explaining that Google had approached both the Park Service and its tenant, Fort Mason, about docking the barge — but the company had yet to disclose its plans.

It turns out that such evasiveness is typical of a company that pretends to embrace openness; Google's mission statement, after all, is to "organize the world's information and make it universally accessible and useful." Even more surprising is the apparently pedestrian nature of the boat, which, many sources speculate, is really a three-story showroom topped with a party deck, designed for VIP fetes. It's coming together under the auspice of Google co-founder Sergey Brin, which goes to show how important a floating retail store is to the company's business plan. That's tantamount to an emperor designing topiary for the castle garden.

Yet tech companies are incredibly protective of their garden designs
— or rather, the retail equivalent.



AP Photo/Jeff Chiu

Apple even holds a patent for the staircase configuration in its stores, just as Google has a patent for the idea of floating data centers. But the now-infamous mystery barge may never find mooring, because Google refuses to put its business plan up for public scrutiny. The company is so reflexively hush-hush that it rushes to protect even its most garish project — a giant structure that falls within eyeshot of hundreds of thousands of daily Bay Bridge commuters.

That's put city and state officials in the awkward position of standing up to one of the most powerful Internet companies in the world. Mayor Ed Lee quickly extricated himself by announcing, through a spokeswoman, that Google had kept him in the dark about its project. Google's aloofness also made this corporate vessel a perfect parable of tech secrecy butting up against old-fashioned regulatory roadblocks, and creating the same kind of stir that rideshare companies Uber and Lyft provoked when they refused to uncloak their insurance policies.

It's no surprise that powerful

companies want to protect their trade secrets, nor is the practice particularly new. Coca-Cola kept its secret recipe in a vault for decades, while Dr. John J. Reynolds amassed millions in licensing fees from companies wanting to emulate his antiseptic mouthwash, Listerine. Even WD-40, the lubricant used to grease skateboard wheels and loosen stuck bolts, was so heavily clas-

sified that the chemist who invented it fetched \$10,000 for his formula. (It's now available for free on Wikipedia, since he neglected to file a patent.) Throughout history, corporations have gone to great lengths to secure their assets, to cut private deals with governments, and to exploit economies overseas. If Google's behavior seems cagey, it certainly doesn't lack for historical antecedents. Coke, Pepsi, Monsanto, Shell, and Unocal certainly don't want the public peering at their books.

But there's something unsettling about a company being so cloak-and-dagger when it traffics in information. Nobody would really care if Coca-Cola were building a VIP showroom on a barge — or any other brand-building endeavor. But Google affects the public interest in ways that Coca-Cola cannot. When the Silicon Valley search giant negotiated broadband deals with Kansas City (first in Kansas, then in Missouri), and Austin, Texas, it came to the table as an equal. Though Google was installing fiber-optic infrastructure throughout the cities, the cities themselves stayed mum about many of the specifics of the project, per Google's iron-clad contracts. When members of the Coast Guard inspected Google's floating facility, the company enjoined them to sign non-disclosure agreements.

Certainly, companies don't have carte blanche to hide their new product plans, writes Villanova Assistant Law Professor Michael Risch via

e-mail. Risch cites the 2006 appellate case O'Grady v. Superior Court of Santa Clara, in which the publisher of an online software magazine managed to stave off charges that he'd pilfered Apple's trade secrets by writing about unreleased products. (Apple is so famously tight-lipped that it seldom unveils new products until two weeks before they're due to ship, Risch points out.) But, he adds, there's a value to trade secrets law even when it piques journalists and drives Google into a bunker mentality.

"It gives us a framework to determine when 'transparency' is outweighed by private rights," in this case, the right of a business to shield its operations from the prying eyes of journalists, Risch explains. And that goes both ways. After all, if you ran a small business shipping goods into the U.S., would you want the contents of all your vessels to be subject to public records requests?

Perhaps not. In this case, though, Google didn't need to rely on trade laws for protection — it had contracts. It had people willing to keep their mouths shut. It had the backing of government officials who would rather protect the company than court the press. "It wasn't the law that kept [those] barges secret," Risch writes, "it was the fact that no one had access."

For a company that treats accessibility as a credo, that's more than a little ironic

Rachel.Swan@SFWeekly.com



The Path of Most Resistance

Following the world's biggest, most obscure piece of sidewalk art.

Nathaniel Price doesn't

know where he's going. But he knows where he's been.

Actually, everyone knows where he's been. Dogs can tell. A spy satellite could tell. It's a bit like tracking a bleeding elephant in the snow.

On an unseasonably sunny San Francisco afternoon recently, Price traversed San Francisco. It was a laborious procession, and, in a city where a man wearing a sarong and beating a conga drum draws nary a second glance, Price soon amassed an entourage. Imagine the Pied Piper — but without any piping.

Those muscling through the crowd of gawkers surrounding Price near the corner of Kearny and Columbus found it challenging, at first, to discern what all the gawking was about. There was a sweaty, 41-year-old bespectacled man wearing a shirt and pants the color of topsoil and grasping something on a rope leash; onlookers obscured the creature.

Bulldogs get a lot of attention in this city — but not this much attention. Perhaps it was a bulldog on a skateboard. Perhaps a French bulldog on a tiny skateboard. It turned out to be something clunky, ungainly, and ungraceful — but no bulldog. At first glance, it appeared to be a block of bone-white concrete the size of a laundry basket; your humble narrator's initial thought was that Price made off with a traffic-control implement and was spiriting it off to parts unknown. Slowly.

Well, not quite. This wasn't concrete. It was a 245-pound hunk of chalk: A mile-long scrawl down the middle of the Kearny Street sidewalk indicated as much. And it wasn't stolen. In fact, Price crafted it himself in a Boston-area studio, eventually shipping an object weighing more than Colin Kaepernick to San Francisco.

Why? So he could do this. What's

Well, that's not so easy a question to answer.

A decade ago, Nathaniel Price left

his Hunters Point art studio at 4 a.m. Sixteen hours, 26 miles, and 333 Polaroid photos later, he was in prison. Or, rather, he was outside the gates of San Quentin, which was rather far enough. The Polaroids were arranged in chronological order "corresponding with the arc of the journey, which begins in darkness and, as with life, concludes in darkness."

Life may conclude in darkness, but for Price, it doesn't appear it will conclude in San Francisco. Like so many San Francisco artists — and San Franciscans writ large — he and his wife decamped when faced with the choice of residing in this city or raising a family. They have three young children and live in New Encreation which can be shared, albeit briefly, with the people on the street who have an opportunity to see the place they walk daily in a new, possibly beautiful, way."

Naturally, the city's Department of Public Works has a starker description for all this: vandalism. But, it turns out, there are no city laws against drawing on the streets with chalk, whether you're a kid, a

gland. Now he's back. But only temviral marketer, or an artist testing **Nathaniel Price** leaves his mark on San Francisco.

porarily. His mark on the city will be temporary, too.

Walking backwards through San Francisco and hauling a hunk of chalk on a rope are the ingredients of Price's latest work of art: "Drawn."

It is, per a gallery description, "literally made from resistance, friction, and struggle. And yet, it can also be interpreted as a piece which brings the elements of a slow, private, destruction in direct contact (via the pavement) with a public

his emotional and physical limits. (A homeless man told Price, "Dude! You should just get a shopping cart!" That would make for good advice, but poor art.) Those chalking the city are "expected" to clean up after themselves. But, again, there's no law compelling them to do so.

It's not so easy to figure out what compels Price to do what he does. The brochure description of his work certainly sounds like the kind of thing you could nod at between sips of pinot noir before using similar

terms to describe the pinot noir. But, when asked point blank what message he's trying to impart, he admits, "I'm not sure!" He's far more interested in the interpretations of the city residents stumbling across his work. The people who haven't left San Francisco.

At least not yet.

San Francisco doesn't know where

it's going. But it knows where it's been. Each of us leaves a chalk trail of our own. Every day. All our lives. Chalk trails enter San Francisco. Chalk trails exit. More than many cities, ours would look like an airline route map. And we are the hub.

Chalk is impermanent; a few passes with a hose and you'd never know it was there. Our trails overlap the faded remnants of those left in the past. In time, we, too, will be overlapped. There will always be another to take your place.

Granted, the city is undergoing changes. Concrete changes. But most of us are only equipped with chalk. And we will struggle to pull that chalk. Every day. All our lives. Until we can't do it anymore.

Nathaniel Price couldn't do it

anymore when he reached Vesuvio's on Columbus. A bartender there wandered out and accosted him for defacing the city streets. It was not a pleasant encounter. But when Price demonstrated how easily chalk cleans up, the bartender's mood lightened. "He invited me in for a beer." Price weighed his options: keep pulling a massive block of chalk while the day turned cold or head into a warm bar to share a drink with a fellow human

He chose the latter.

Price expressed disappointment at the abortive conclusion to his journey. But perhaps he's found new meanings beyond the scope of his intentions. It's nice for San Franciscans to "have an opportunity to see the place they walk daily in a new, possibly beautiful, way." But it's ever so much more important to have an opportunity to actually relate to the people they live with — in a new, possibly beautiful way. In this city, it feels like this happens less and less.

Perhaps you could say that San Francisco has calcified.

Joe.Eskenazi@SFWeekly.com

The Snatch

Somewhere comfortable to park your ass.

APPLE'S VOCABULARY **LESSON**

Most English dictionaries bear five definitions of the word "gay," the last of which is deemed disparaging and offensive: "awkward, stupid, bad, lame." Massachusetts 15-year-old Becca Gorman can't scrub the definition out of existence, but she hopes to keep Apple from using it. In the dictionary application on its MacBook Pro computer, Apple features three meanings of gay, the third of which is "informal." Deployed as slang, "gay" applies to anything "foolish" or "stupid." A horrified Gorman penned a letter to the company's openly gay CEO, Tim Cook, pointing out that Apple doesn't include a similarly jeering definition for the term "retarded." Apple responded to Gorman, explaining that it feeds its dictionary from four sources, one of which sullied the gay entry. Marketing executive Brian Miller promised the company would try to cut the offending definition.

SITTING ON MONEY

If you've got more dollars than sense — or, arguably, taste — the San Francisco 49ers have a deal for you. For the low, low price of just \$649, you can be the proud owner of a pair of Candlestick Park stadium seats. The auctioning off of paraphernalia prior to a stadium's demise is a tried and true method of extracting surplus dollars from nostalgic fans. But how much would these much-worn plastic seats, done up in a Caltrans orange specially designed to match nothing, be worth without the nostalgia factor? Less. Lots less. These familiarly Cheetos-hued stadium seats run a mere \$10 a pop — though, yes, the minimum order is 50. But if seats you want, seats you can have — up to 800,000 a month can be sent steaming your way from either Shanghai or Ningbo. Granted, those don't fold like the seats at the 'Stick. But, it turns out, variants of Candlestick-like folding seats are even cheaper. These go for \$3 to \$6 a unit. Yeah, you've got to order at least 3,000 to get that price — but the good people of Jiangsu gotta pay the bills, too.

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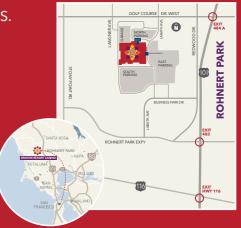
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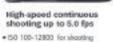




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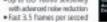


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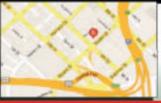


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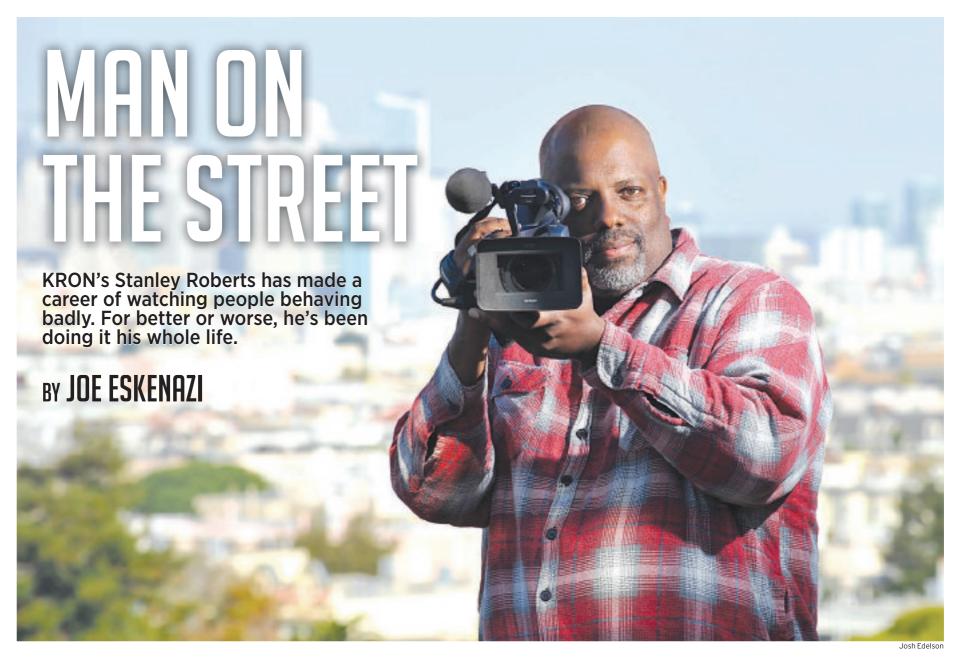
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The cops are waiting when

he steps, blinking, out of the confines of Gunter's Family Restaurant and into the sizzling parking lot. They lean on the black-and-white cruiser, arms crossed in front of their oversize, flakjacketed chests. The older of the two uncurls himself at a leisurely pace and ambles over at an even more leisurely pace before, with a touch of the showman, whipping off his sunglasses.

The words ooze out of his mouth: "Staaaaaaaaanley Robertsssssssss."

And then he smiles. A bouncy, even goofy energy overtakes him: "At last! I get to meet you!" He bounds over to shake the hand of the stocky cameraman in the red flannel shirt. "I heard 'KRON' on the dispatch. I just knew it had to be you."

It turns out the aggrieved manager of the adjacent Pacific Market on El Camino Real wasn't merely phoning a heated complaint to the South San Francisco Police Department. He was making dreams come true. Any Bay Area police officer harboring a desire to meet Stanley Roberts need

only pine away by the radio and await the inevitable.

Per the complaint, Roberts, creator of the five-time-a-week Channel 4 news segment People Behaving Badly, "refused to leave the premises." This was untrue, but a somewhat milder variant of the standard dubious report relayed to police when Roberts inserts himself where he's not wanted: A suspicious black man with a camera is filming children! Or: A suspicious black man with a camera is casing our store!

Roberts, however, is anything but suspicious. He makes no effort to hide his presence or his intentions. He is not a subtle man.

On this day, Roberts is dropping in on restaurants and markets, camera in tow, to ensure they are, per the letter of the law, posting their most recent health report in plain view. Demanding to be presented with this form, Roberts insists, is your right as a citizen. When proprietors ask why he wishes to review the documents they invariably squirrel away in back rooms and hidden folders, he calmly replies, "Because

On KRON that night, viewers will tune in to observe a procession of slightly bewildered shopkeepers and restaurateurs affixing yellow health reports onto walls and windows with long strips of masking tape. "I don't want a ticket for something like this!" one blurts out. "I never read the rules! I didn't know!"

The voice behind the camera remains monotone: "I'm just trying to

Yet people Roberts films behaving badly often don't desire help. He's been assaulted on numerous occasions. (Once, memorably, with ski poles.) Three separate attackers have made off with his press credentials. A flamboyant Mercedes-driving carpool cheat wearing an Elmo T-shirt elevated Roberts to late-night fodder and meme status two years ago following an extended profane rant about the cameraman's oversize girth and undersize worth.

Thus, Roberts is on a first-name basis with an ever-expanding retinue of law-enforcement officials summoned by those who can do without his kind of help.

That's what happened at the Pacific Market 20 minutes before the rendezvous with the South City cops: After producing his store's health report (a lackluster "Fair" grade) from a private back room, the grocer assured Roberts the necessary paperwork was properly posted on the exterior doors.

It wasn't. And, once outside, he declared the interview to be over: "You need my permission to film me."

Roberts let the camera roll. "We are in a public place," he said. "I do not need your permission."

"You need my permission!" "I do not need your permission." "I'm calling the police!" "Okay, so call the police."

The police were called. When they arrived, they informed the manager that, no, Roberts did not need his permission. Then they waited for

Roberts outside Gunter's Family

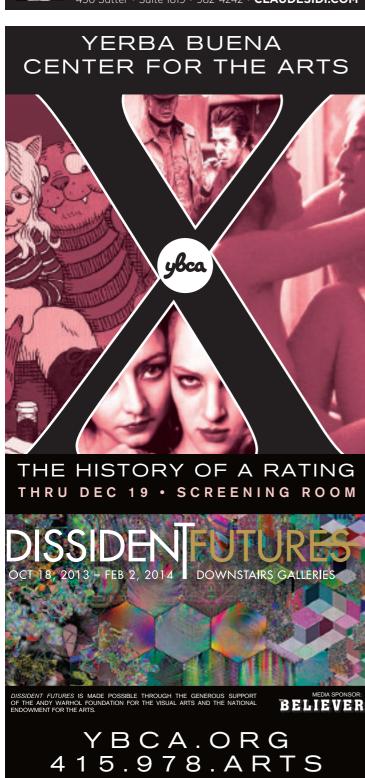
Restaurant. They wanted to take a picture with

Carpool cheating. Urinating in

public. Cycling through a stop sign. Drinking Rainer Ale in the park. Failure to post a health report — a satisfactory health report, mind you — in a prominent place. These aren't crimes befitting a criminal mastermind. They aren't exactly crimes at all. "I don't do crime," Roberts says. "I do the qualityof-life issues that affect us all."

He refers to the misbehavior he's been seeking out for nearly eight years as "minutiae ... there are always more important things." But this, for his own reasons, is what he's compelled to film. And, God help us, it's what we're compelled to watch. Footage of city workers dozing on the job or men hurling buckets of human filth onto one another on Seventh and Market are wildly popular, even in far-off lands where, perhaps, this may qualify as normal behavior. >> p14





Man on the Street from p13

Roberts' inbox is constantly full. KRON established a hotline just for his segment. When he's on BART, fellow riders monopolize his commute with People Behaving Badly pitches; his minor adventures have earned him celebrity status. In a moment of unintended irony, Roberts was asked, "So, is someone behaving badly here?" by a tone-deaf guest at a funeral both were attending.

He receives missives from viewers in Asia, Europe, Australia, even Greenland. A Scottish man told him that weekly *People Behaving Badly* parties are held there, in which the three-minute, jauntily narrated clips of societal misconduct are consumed in marathon sessions. One aficionado matter-of-factly informed Roberts that he watched every People Behaving Badly segment on YouTube. He did this in alphabetical order, from "AC Transit vs. Stop Signs" to "You Should Never Grab a Reporter!" — and all the 1,197 videos in between.

Clearly Roberts is on to something. His 5 o'clock news segments have garnered some 10 million online views from folks who have, all but certainly, fudged the carpool lane, texted while driving, or pissed in the bushes. The appeal of his show isn't watching lurid crimes, but observing people behaving in a way we're capable of, if not guilty of. These people are recognizably us, caught doing what we try to get away with doing.

Better them than us. Reveling in their guilt is our guilty pleasure.

But Roberts has invested even less thought into what spurred him to become the Bruce Wayne of the jaywalking set than why viewers would care to watch such a thing, five days a week and millions of times over.

He resists self-analysis and rejects the "analysis" of anonymous online haters who, he says, don't know the first thing about him. That's a safe bet. Roberts' close friends of 30 years also don't seem know the first thing about him. To a man, they profess a near-total ignorance of his life prior to his arrival in California three decades back. "That's a good point: What's up with Stan?" concedes longtime pal Lionel Mosely. "Did he just hatch here in California?"

He did not. The origin story for Stanley Roberts begins far from here. It's a place where no one was just trying to help.

Back in 1990, Paul Miller had to

hire 30 people on the fly and convert a former Spanish-language TV station in Salinas into a Fox affiliate. And he had to do it quickly.

"I made some great decisions and I made some bad decisions," Miller says. Certainly the most curious decision was to hire a rail-thin 27-yearold with no TV experience, who shed the sterile "bunny suit" he wore as a semiconductor technician to wander across the street and ask for a job at



KCBA. "I must have liked him," says Miller. "He must have seemed smart."

Stanley Roberts was not an intuitive hire. His only degree was is in cosmetology. (The Jehovah's Witnesses at the Kingdom Hall dominating his family's life were convinced the world would soon cease to be, so they declared college a waste of time.) He was ostensibly applying for a meteorologist position, which requires academic degrees and working knowledge of matters far removed from hair and nails. The ad said no walk-ins, and no candidates without video clips. Roberts walked in without a video.

He walked out with a fool's errand from Miller: Watch the news for two weeks and return with copious notes on how he'd have improved things. It was the last Miller expected to see of Roberts. But Roberts was back two weeks later, carrying a sheaf of papers.

He was hired on the spot.

His duties entailed sweeping floors, changing light bulbs, and lugging around the studio cameras — "a job," as Miller puts it, "any hard-working, intelligent person can learn to do."

It's also a job in which hard-working, intelligent people can be replaced by automated cameras. So, Roberts holed up in an editing room overnight with a manual. He was, in short order, made an editor. Roberts surreptitiously toyed with any camera left in his vicinity. When a colleague was injured, he was elevated to "shooter," toting a camera out into the field.

A few years removed from shedding his bunny suit in Salinas, Roberts was in Los Angeles, being slapped across the face by the actor Michael Madsen. This, Roberts says, was a standard, if annoying, greeting on movie sets, where he picked up side work behind the camera. His entire family tuned in to an Arnold Schwarzenegger fitness program just to view Roberts' first credit at the end.

That was memorable, but not in the manner Roberts had hoped for. He was, inexplicably, billed as "Stanley Turrentine."

Toting a camera as a freelancer

for practically every news station in L.A. instead of Salinas earned Roberts a raise from \$9 to \$25 an hour. It also got him a nickname from his Los Angeles colleagues, and one that stuck: "The Shit Magnet." Something about his presence seemed to bring out the crazy in people — but always in a photogenic way. When cops and robbers blasted holes in one another during the infamous North Hollywood Shootout of 1997, Roberts, naturally, found himself in the cross fire.

Roberts' reputation as the Shit Magnet followed him north from L.A. to KRON in 1998. So, when station higher-ups asked him to go out and shoot straightforward, point-of-view footage for a recurring segment, Roberts countered. "I'd had another idea in my head for a long time, but \boldsymbol{I} never acted on it," he recalls.

"I wanted to go show people doing stuff they probably shouldn't be doing." Absent a better title, he suggested People Behaving Badly. For the Bay Area's toll cheats, litterers, and cellphone-yapping drivers, there was a new sheriff in town. And for viewers incensed by such behavior — but loath to actually do anything about it — a hero had emerged.

The KRON SUV with the license

plate frame reading "HANG UP AND QUIT BEHAVING BADLY" gently shifts lanes as Roberts prepares to exit Interstate 280. As ever, he handles the car impeccably. And, along the way, he points out all the features of the road - "I'll bet you don't know what those dots are called," he says, nodding toward the white dashes on the offramp

That's a safe bet. It turns out they're called "elephant tracks" and, technically, you're not supposed to cross them. We don't. The black and white signs? Those are "regulatory signs." And "you have to obey those." We do. The yellow signs? "Those are advisory. You might want to slow down." We do that, too.

Roberts has never taken a DMV course. In fact, he's a self-taught driver. He needed to be — because of people behaving badly.

Or, rather, a person.

"At 12 years old, I had to learn how to drive," he says as we negotiate traffic. "Twelve years old and driving a huge Buick Deuce-and-a-Quarter.' He takes a deep breath. "My mother's husband was a drunk. He would be so totally drunk he could not drive. He used to wreck all the time. So, at 12, I had to get him home."

He'd wander into the streets of Camden, N.J., and slide into the massive car. He'd slowly navigate the behemoth back to 713 Chestnut St., driving carefully even then. He kept an eye on his drunk stepfather in the passenger's seat, a man who'd demanded Roberts' mother put him in a foster home before he'd marry her. (She refused.) There were no thankyous. Arriving home, there was no joy.

"Mom would always be crying," Roberts says. "She knew he was drunk. Again."

We're suddenly in a very different neighborhood than a traffic-signage lecture.

"He beat her. All the time. I used to watch her get whooped. Growing up seeing that kind of stuff, seeing him chasing her, grabbing her by the hair and dragging her back into the house ..." his voice trails off. "He beat the crap out of me, too. I wish someone had noticed. I wish someone had noticed.'

Roberts coasts to a stop in front of a restaurant. A restaurant that, as it turns out, isn't displaying its health

"There is always low-hanging fruit here," he says. It doesn't need to be picked. It needs to be shoveled. "There is a level of entitlement here that I just can't believe."

On this day, Roberts is traipsing through Golden Gate Park in search of the detritus left by homeless campers sleeping in the bushes. It's low-hanging detritus: Discarded orange syringe-tops serve the role of tiny traffic pylons, alerting one to the presence of a dirty needle nearby. Zippo fluid and halved aluminum cans, the aftermath of heroin-cooking, complete the tableau. "You see that?" Roberts says with a wave of his hand. "Rolling Rock, King Cobra, KFC - these are the remnants of someone living here in the park and just not giving a fuck." The odor of human feces envelops us. "Oh man. I'm not looking for it. I'm good."

We emerge into a clearing not so far from the impromptu shooting gallery and lavatory. It's an idyllic day and a father is hitting a baseball to his

Stanley Roberts is 50 years old and stands just under 6 feet tall. He has the build of an aging high school linebacker and the sartorial sense of a tugboat hand. Though he narrates his television segments with a singsong intonation, his speaking voice off-camera is soft and unassuming. Roberts smiles rarely and, when he does, it appears his teeth are still

always listen to their mother. But they listened to her younger sister, Diane "Mama-Too-Tight" Collins. Well, that's not necessarily so. The oldest boy, Stanley — he listened to everyone. "He was quiet. He kept to hisself," recalls Collins, 62. "He was a good boy. His mother..." she sighs. "She did the best she could." Her husband, Roberts' stepfather, "wasn't good. He drank. I don't think he treated them very well. You just kind of feel things."

But no one asked. Certainly, no one did anything.

We'll never know if the neighbors noticed when Patricia Roberts' husband emerged from the front door onto Chestnut Street, dragging her by the hair with one hand and clutching a shotgun in the other.

They'd have to be pretty oblivious not to notice the shotgun going off. No one was hit, but everyone must have heard.

"I immediately thought my mother was killed," recalls Sharyel Perry, Roberts' younger half-sister. The man with the shotgun was her father; she was his biological child and so, as much as possible, he kept her from seeing his violent behavior. But a shotgun blast from the other side of a stucco wall — on a block of rowhouses — is hardly subtle.

Roberts was provided no such niceties. He saw it all.

"Stanley tried so many times to be a protector of my mother. He was always that way. He had guns pointed at him so many times," recalls Perry. "Nobody did anything. It was right under their noses. But nobody ever did anything.

"My father," she continues, "got away with things." Her maternal grandfather, she adds, beat her grandmother to death. "My grandfather got away with things. My father got away with things.

"Stanley doesn't like it when people get away with things."

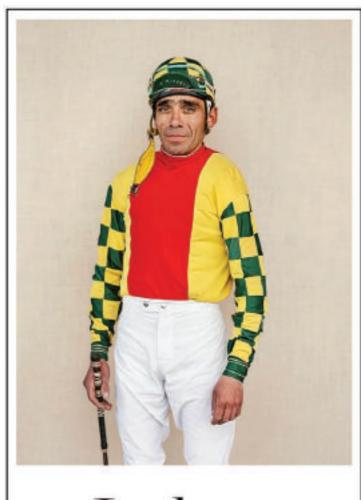
We're slowly motoring around Golden Gate Park, but Roberts is in a faraway place. An oversize couple in matching spandex frolics outside the window — this is hard to miss, and Roberts is an unusually observant man — but his mind is elsewhere.

Roberts is fascinating company;

spending the day with him is a bit like mingling with Cliff Clavin, the mailman from Cheers! He recalls damn near anything he's told and everything he reads. So if you ever wanted to know the flashpoint for grass (700 degrees Fahrenheit); the tally of Eucalyptus species (upwards of 700); why that homeless woman sleeping in the bushes has grossly swollen hands (likely an infection stemming from shooting up into her wrists); or whether there are laws against washing your car with soiled underwear (there are) — he's

Those are the things he's learned over a lifetime. And then







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He hoists his camera out of the back seat. "When I was growing up, no one would listen to me," he says.

"Now I have a million people listening to every word I say."

It's 1 p.m. on a Monday, and Roberts has no idea what he's going to do.

But that's how he rolls. Many's the day he'll wander into KRON studios on Van Ness with utterly no clue what facet of San Francisco misbehavior he'll be broadcasting in seven hours. But this city never lets him down.

tightly clenched.

He asks the dad if he can take a swing and is quickly approved. Roberts sets his camera on the grass, flashes a clench-toothed smile, and gives it a mighty cut. The ball dribbles off his bat; the young boy drifts in and fields it with the bare hand.

Roberts shakes his head and hands the bat back to the dad. Baseball isn't his game. Never was. Couldn't be. If Roberts came home and heard the Phillies on the TV or radio, that meant he was home, too.

They called her "Mama-Too-Tight."

Patricia Roberts' five kids didn't



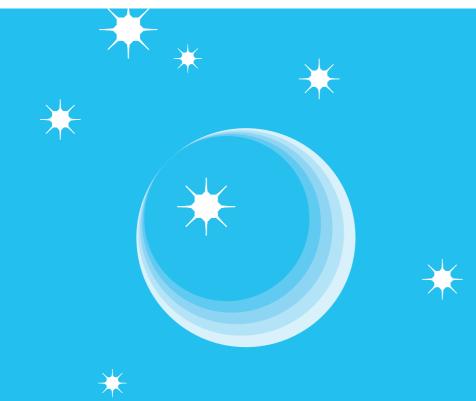
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Man on the Street from p15

there are the things he can't unlearn.

An ass-whooping, he says, is a peculiarly formal affair. For years, they were proceeded by his stepfather's earnest declaration: "I'm gonna whoop your ass."

Roberts, a spindly child, who would later be nicknamed "J.J." after the equally spindly character from Good Times, was made to ritualistically disrobe. He would shed his shirt, shoes, pants, his underwear.

When finally completely nude, Roberts' stepfather whipped him, vigorously, with an extension cord. Roberts would go to school covered in welts. Then, as now, Camden was one of the nation's roughest towns. Bullies would layer bruises on top of his bruises. At one point, Roberts was jumped, beaten unconscious, and awoke in a graveyard. He spent three days in the hospital struggling to remember his name.

Even when Roberts was robbed at knifepoint — by a minister in his *church* — nobody listened. The robber didn't even bother to hide his identity. "This was Camden," he says.

And then, one day, Roberts' life changed — and, for once, for the better.

Roberts, then a young teenager, arrived home to discover his mother had stuffed her five children's clothes into trash bags. They were getting out. They were doing something. Years of welfare living and government cheese would ensue. They'd be under the thumbs of the Elders at the Kingdom Hall who'd dissuade him out of college. He would eventually decamp, abruptly, to an uncle's place in Salinas — and be disappointed when he discovered that, no, not evervone in California is rich.

But, now, Roberts smiles — a real, truly beatific smile.

And you could cry from such a smile, because what he says next is undoubtedly true: "That was the happiest day of my life."

On Oct. 28, 2011, a man driving a

swanky Mercedes SUV and, incongruously, sporting an Elmo T-shirt, drove solo up the Sterling Street Bay Bridge on-ramp. If telegenic behavior is measured by outsize levels of both ignorance and outspokenness, KRON viewers that night watched the minting of a star.

Elmo Shirt Guy wasn't pleased to be handed a \$500 carpool violation ticket by Highway Patrol officers. But he was apoplectic about being filmed by a portly guy.

"All you can afford is food with your fat, lazy ass. That's why they have you out here videotaping; you ain't even on a real job," he shouted into the camera. "Why don't they have you down there filming what's going on down in Oakland? All the riots and shit? They got your fat, lazy, non-relevant, nonfactor ass here filming Highway Patrol shit.

That tells you how much you're worth."

From humble KRON, this footage matriculated to Jimmy Kimmel Live!, Tosh.0, Anderson Cooper 360, and, of course, dotted the bowels of the Internet like tiny, viral polyps.

While Elmo Shirt Guy proved to be a pompous, self-righteous ass — and his indignation regarding unwanted publicity didn't keep him from making the rounds of TV and radio shows — he brings up some salient points.

With the Occupy movement transforming swaths of Oakland into a national flashpoint, and hardship of the sort Roberts experienced much of his life visible around so many barren corners, why would he focus on self-described "minutiae?" And why do millions of viewers choose to tune in, even when incensed scofflaws don't throw reality TV tantrums?

Those answers may be connected.

"People saw what was going on.

But they ignored us," answers Perry when asked why her brother does what he does. "You gotta start somewhere," says Roberts' aunt, "Mama-Too-Tight" Collins, when asked the same question. "Here in Camden, I cross the street and the cars don't stop. I always think, 'I wish Stanley was here!'

Roberts, who grew up in a chaotic home in a chaotic town, is a disciple of order — and a devotee to the rules. Following them, come what may, is his raison d'être: "Rules are here for a reason. If we ignore them, everything gets out of control. It's like the engine light on your car. If you ignore it long enough — there's a bigger problem."

When viewers suggest he do shows about people behaving stupidly or ignorantly — but not necessarily badly — he patiently tells them that this isn't what his segment is called. He is loath even to transgress the rules of his own making. When they suggest he cover hard crime or "the stock market crashing and people ripping off people," he replies he's "not a sheepie" who'll cover the things everyone else does. Cameras already show up when people are shot, he notes.

And if his stepfather had shot his mother that night in front of 713 Chestnut, cameras would likely have shown up. But then they'd decamp and the misery would persist. Cameras don't document the hopelessness and abuse of hardscrabble life in poverty-stricken America when blood isn't spilled. Hardly anyone does — as Roberts knows all too well.

Trudging through Golden Gate Park, Roberts comes across a discarded pasta jar, then a rubber ducky. And, finally, a syringe. "I'm not here to solve the world's problems," he says in a near-whisper. "I can't do that."

That's not in the job description of a local TV reporter — and certainly not one with only a few hours

to conceive, film, edit, narrate, and broadcast a segment. By honing in on the "quality-of-life issues that affect us all," Roberts can conceivably help more people. Just because fruit is low-hanging doesn't mean it's no

Roberts' fans would agree. He's the blunt East Coast guy unafraid to call Bay Area people on their shit something locals, a tolerant bunch, can't seem to do. He's the man who breaks down the world into a convenient dichotomy: Those who follow the rules and those who behave badly.

In other words: All of us, periodically.

People Behaving Badly is an exceedingly watchable three minutes of television. Viewing 1,200 shows in alphabetical order requires a special touch of insanity — but, segments produced years ago remain every bit as compelling as the ones airing tonight. As such, it's a formulaic

in 50 years," Roberts says. "I am the exact same person I have always been."

His aspirations remain earthbound. He wants to pay off the 12-year-old Jag he bought for eight grand. He wants to be able to afford an apartment with in-complex laundry, so he isn't shivved by a disgruntled viewer while sitting in the laundromat. He wants to do right by his daughters, ages 9 and 16; he hopes to be able to afford to take them on decent trips, go to decent restaurants, and make the monthly child-support payments to their mothers.

In Camden, he played the numbers. Now he just plays the Lotto at the deli around the corner from KRON. "I can't be poor for the rest of my life!" he says, pushing the money across the counter.

Stanley Roberts is having a good



program. But all the most successful ones are. It's hard to watch just one; they're as addictive as potato chips.

KRON-TV can't be displeased with that. They need product — and Roberts produces. The station that pioneered the cost-cutting move of sending camera-toting reporters out to do it all is a natural fit for Roberts, the bunny-suited technician who trained himself to do it all. Like so many modern journalistic entities, KRON is essentially a news factory, run by a sparse staff, and operating on a tight budget. Lengthy, in-depth analyses of society's iniquities and large-scale wrongdoing may play well for PBS, but KRON needs someone to stoke the daily furnace.

And Roberts shovels a lot of coal. In the end, he's not a cop. He's not a social worker. He's not Bruce Wayne. He's not even Errol Morris. He's the adult version of the boy who grew up with the KYW-Philadelphia news as his babysitter and pushed a camera through the halls in the high school A.V. club. "I haven't changed

"Oh, you should been out there with me," he nearly shouts into his cellphone. He'd taken his camera to Dolores Park in search of lowlifes passing date-rape drugs to unsuspecting women. That didn't happen. But there were plenty of other people behaving badly: day-drinkers, smokers, crosswalk double-parkers, and, that San Francisco standby: sketchy nudists.

"So, the guy's buck naked. He ties up his junk with a bandana. And, I didn't get this on tape, but he scratched his ass and sniffed his fingers." Roberts giggles. He can barely contain himself now.

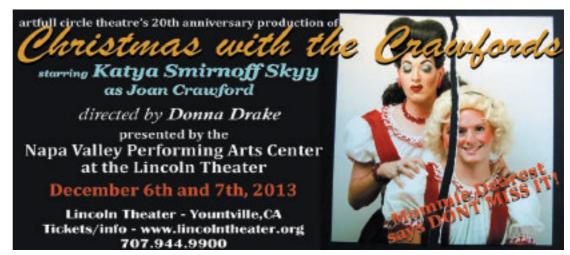
"So, he goes to piss in the bushes. And, on the way back, he steps in a big pile of dog shit."

Maniacal laughter. "That's poetic

And poetic justice is something that resonates with Stanley Roberts. He could tell you all about it.

After all, he's just trying to help.

Joe.Eskenazi@SFWeekly.com









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THE CALENDAR

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 14-20, 2013 SFWEEKLY.COM/CALENDAR



THU 11/14 Film Fest

ITALIAN BEAUTY

Last month's issue of Sight & Sound magazine gave ample real estate to Paolo Sorrentino's new film The Great Beauty, describing it as "a stupendous great gulp of Italian cinema." Sorrentino nimbly alights on familiar film-history territory, but also makes it new as he tracks a retirement-age Roman journalist, perpetual party host, and one-time wunderkind novelist through what that character calls "the vortex of high society." It all seems grandly, unabashedly representative, and therefore an inevitable highlight of the San Francisco Film Society's 17th annual New Italian Cinema program, which screens The Great Beauty as part of a Closing Night tribute to Sorrentino with him in attendance. Of course the festival provides other mouthfuls of Italian cinema too, including eight films in various genres competing for the City of Florence Award. But The Great Beauty seems poised to serve as a cultural summing up.

New Italian Cinema runs through Nov. 17 at the Clay Theatre, 2261 Fillmore St., S.F. Individual movie tickets \$10-\$12; call 561-5000 or visit sffs.org. **Jonathan Kiefer**

FRI 11/15 Dance

STILL IN THE GROOVE

It's hard to imagine now, but 15 years ago, it was a radical idea. When the **San Francisco International Hip Hop Dancefest** held its first production, almost no one was putting street dance in the theater. Fast forward to the present: Popping and locking are respected as legitimate techniques, b-boys tour the world with Cirque du Soleil, and the Dancefest is still going strong. This year's production sees the return of local favorites Mix'd Ingrdnts, Funk Beyond Control, and Loose Change, with the international representation held down by London hip-hop theater group

Far From the Norm. Of the many companies represented, we're most intrigued by New York's Bones the Machine, which will display its "bone breaking" style of dance, and most excited about FootworkINGz of Chicago. As always, the Dancefest has an A program and a B program, which can make for a pretty tough decision at ticket time. If we were forced to choose, this year, we'd pick the A program.

The San Francisco International Hip Hop Dancefest starts at 8 p.m. and runs through Nov. 17 at the Palace of Fine Arts, 3301 Lyon St., S.F. Tickets are \$39.99-\$75; call 392-4400 or visit sfhiphopdancefest.com. **Devin Holt**

SAT 11/16

ILLEGAL ALIENS, MONSTERS, MUTANTS

In big, upper-case letters, the poster $\,$ says "ILLEGAL," then explains that the man portrayed should be reported if he entered the country "without proper authorization." The man is Superman, and people are urged to call a San Francisco number that connects them to a federal office called the U.S. Department of Illegal Superheroes. It's satire. And it's the work of Oakland artist Neil Rivas (Clavo), who's exhibiting his "illegal superheroes" posters, the logo of his made-up federal agency, and even faux U.S. agents. Rivas, who will attend the event, adopts comic-book characters because, he says, "When we try to speak to someone about immigration issues, it's hard for some folks to be able to relate on any level. But with superheroes, they really care."

The grand opening of the U.S. Department of Illegal Superheroes (ICE DISH) San Francisco Field Office is at 7 p.m. and runs through Jan. 31 at Galería de la Raza, 2857 24th St., S.F. Free; 826-8009 or galeríadelaraza.org. **Jonathan Curiel**

CALENDAR LISTINGS

Calendar listings are offered as a free service to SF Weekly readers and are subject to space restrictions. To have a listing added, contact Clubs and Calendar Editor John Graham by e-mail (Calendar@sfweekly.com), fax (777-1839), or mail (225 Bush St. 17th Floor, S.F., CA 94104). To change an existing listing call 536-8147. Deadline is noon Tuesday for the following week's issue. Listings rotate regularly, as space allows. Our completel listings of local events searchable by keyword, date, and genre – are available online.

ART - GALLERIES

- 111 Minna Gallery. Lexis Rubenis: Subconscious Imagery: Paintings that sit on the sweet spot between abstract and surreal. Through Nov. 23. Free, 111 Minna St., San Francisco, 974-1719, www.111minnagallerv.com.
- 1AM Gallery. Connotations: Group show of tattoo-inspired art by Jesico, Tony Duong, and Mark Heredia. Wednesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Nov. 16. 1000 Howard St., San Francisco, 861-5089,
- 4x5 Gallery. David Egan: The Long Way Around: 30 color and B+W prints by the local photographer. Through Dec. 1. 442 Haight St., San Francisco. www.4x5gallerysf.com
- Bash Contemporary. Fantasy Faire: Group show of fantastical paintings by Sandra Yagi, Graham Curran, Larkin Cypher, and Alexandra Manukyan. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 21. 210 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco, 926-8573. www.bashcontemporary.com.

THU 11/14 Literature

TORAH READ-OFF

Not only has the Torah been re-written by a cast of today's exciting writers (Aimee Bender, Sam Lipsyte, and Jill Soloway, to name but three of a long list), but The Contemporary Jewish Museum and Literary Death Match have teamed up to present select passages, which will be performed by Rebecca Bortman, Josh Healey, Wired senior editor Caitlin Roper, and New Yorker editor Ben Greenman. The readings will be judged according to three criteria: literary merit (Zarina Zabrisky), performance (Rabbi David Kasher), and intangibles (comedian Nato Green). LDM's internationally flamboyant presentation of literature already flirts with heresy in the names of good fun and bookish evangelism, so this collaboration seems genius: modern interpretations of a sacred text evaluated according to the arbitrary whims of the judges, selected for their combined entertainment value, makes almost too much sense. Tickets include admission to the museum and, for those 21+, a drink ticket.

Literary Death Match: Unscrolled starts at 6:30 p.m. at The Contemporary Jewish Museum, 736 Mission St., S.F. Tickets are \$15; call 655-7800 or visit thecjm.org. **Evan Karp**



Bayview/Anna E. Walden Branch Library. Bayview's Historical Footprints: Redux!: Historical photography exhibit and stories by Bayview/Hunters Point elders. Daily. 5075 Third St., San Francisco. 355-5757, www.sfpl.org.

Blackball Universe Gallery. Urban Outskirts: City landscapes painted by Seren Moran, Lorna Strotz, and Lauren Scherf-Srivastava, Saturdays, Sundays, Continues through Dec. 29. 230 Madison St., Oakland, 510-433-0933, www.blackballuniverse.com. California Institute of Integral Studies. DeFremery

Park, 1965-1970: The Photographs of Kenneth P. Green Sr.: Snapshots of late-'60s Oakland by the former staff photographer of the Tribune. Through Dec. 15. Free. 1453 Mission, San Francisco, 575-6100,

CCA Wattis Institute for Contemporary Arts. City of Disappearances: Group show featuring works from the Kadist Art Foundation and the Zabludowicz Collection. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 14, 360 Kansas St., San Francisco, 355-9670. www.wattis.org.

Center for Sex & Culture. Safe Sex Bang: The Buzz Rense Collection of Safe Sex Posters: Exhibition of sex-positive posters from 1982 onward. Through Jan. 31, 2014. Free, 1349 Mission, San Francisco. 902-2071, www.sexandculture.org

City Hall. Twisted Sisters: Reimagining Urban Portraiture: Group show featuring five photographers from San Francisco and 10 from Zurich, S.E's sister. city in Switzerland. Through Jan. 17, 2014. sfartscommission.org. 1 Drive Carlton B. Goodlett, San Francisco, 554-5184, www.sfgov.org.

Don Soker Contemporary Art. Veronika Dobers: Red Lines: Reverse paintings on glass. Through Nov. 16. Tim Rice: Recent paintings. Through Nov. 16. 80 Sutter St., San Francisco, 291-0966, www. donsokergallery.com

Electric Works. Dave Schubert: Recent Works: Solo show of street photography. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Nov. 30, 1360 Mission St., San Francisco, 626-5496, www.sfelectricworks.com.

The Emerald Tablet. Surrealism's Earthly Visions: Group show including work by Penelope>>



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Rosemont, Winston Smith, Dennis Cunningham. Marian Wallace, and Beth Garon. Through Nov. 21. 80 Fresno St., San Francisco, 500-2323. www.emtab.org.

Ever Gold Gallery. Jocko Weyland: Crackle, Hiss, and Scrawl - Cassette Tapes, Their Wrappings and Listings, 1980-2005: Portrait of the artist's music collection - in the au courant hipster format du jour, i.e., the lowly cassette - complete with J-card art, mixtage tracklists, and a boombox randomly playing tapes in the background. Wednesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Nov. 15. 441 O'Farrell, San Francisco, 796-3676, www.evergoldgallery.com.

Fecal Face Dot Gallery. Tiffany Bozic: Sense of Wonder: 50 recent small and large paintings on wood, Wednesdays-Saturdays, Continues through Nov. 16. Free. 2277 Mission St., San Francisco, 500-2166, www.ffdg.net.

Incline Gallery, Space: 1999: Group show featuring Randy Colosky, Chris Fraser, Sandra Ono, and Dean Smith. Thursdays-Sundays. Continues through Nov. 22. 766 Valencia, San Francisco, www.inclinegallerysf.com.

Fifty24SF Gallery. Confluence: Group show featuring a "collection of divergent styles," including work by Mars-1, Sam Flores, Henry Lewis, Anthony Lister, and many more. Daily. 252 Fillmore, San Francisco, 252-9144, www.fiftv24sf.com.

Fraenkel Gallery. Diane Arbus 1971-1956: Photography retrospective that starts with the artist's death and travels backwards to find her creative origins. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 28. 49 Geary, San Francisco, 981-2661, www. fraenkelgallerv.com.

Galeria de la Raza. Katie Dorame: Sifting Screens: New paintings combining Hollywood iconography with artifacts and images from North American native cultures. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 21. Grand Opening for the U.S. Department of Illegal Superheroes (ICE DISH) San Francisco Field Office: Sat., Nov. 16, 7-10 p.m. 2857 24th St., San Francisco, 826-8009, www.galeriadelaraza.org.

Gallery 16. Futurefarmers: Taking Stock: Two-decade retrospective of objets d'art from the Bay Area collective. Starting Nov. 15. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 31, 501 Third St., San Francisco, 626-7495, www.gallery16.com.

Gallery Paule Anglim. Solid Concept VI: Bay Area Conceptual Artists: Featuring work by Terry Fox, David Ireland, Paul Kos, Tony Labat, Tom Marioni, John Roloff, and Al Wong. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 21, 14 Geary, San Francisco. 433-2710, www.gallerypauleanglim.com.

Glass Door Gallery. Winter Hours: Featuring work by



THURS 11/14 Literature

THEATRICAL REPORT

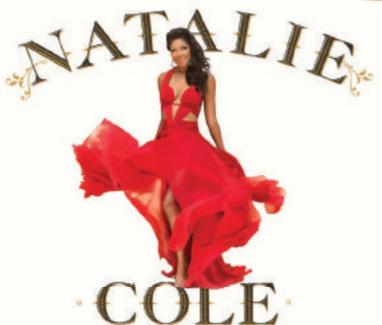
Daniel Alarcón spent a lot of time in Peru's most notorious prison, gathering the history of the place as well as of the residents, during the writing of his second novel, At Night We Walk in Circles. The book begins when Nelson, a fledgling actor, wins the right to play one of three roles in a revival of his hero's famous play — alongside this hero, who was jailed under charges of terrorism when the play debuted 15 years before. The tour takes them through rural Andean towns, and Nelson, who's never left his city, makes a terrific sacrifice for the opportunity to devote himself to the world of the play. What follows is a compulsively readable but profound and unforgettable tale, told — even reported — by a mysterious narrator whose own story becomes increasingly central to the novel. Lost City Radio, Alarcón's first novel, won the 2009 International Literature Award, and the author was named one of The New Yorker's 20 Under 40.

Daniel Alarcón reads at 7:30 p.m. at The Booksmith, 1644 Haight St., S.F. Free; call 863-8688 or visit booksmith.com. Evan Karp



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HOLIDAY

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#SFSHOLIDAY

Nancy Calef, Ronald Chase, Carl Heyward, Joan Stennick, and John Zaklikowski. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Jan. 5. 245 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, 500-2271, www.glassdoor-

The Great Highway Gallery. Daniel McElmury: West San Francisco: The Outer Sunset gets its due in this "photographic exploration of the city's most western edge." Nov. 15-Dec. 15. 3649 Lawton, San Francisco, 681-3380, www.thegreathighwav.com.

Gregory Lind Gallery. Dannielle Tegeder: The Library of Abstract Sound: Solo show combining dozens of drawings with sound and animation. Tuesdays-Saturdays, Continues through Nov. 30, 49 Geary, San Francisco, 296-9661, www.gregorylindgallery.com.

Hosfelt Gallery. Anoka Farugee: Substance & Accident: Moiré paintings. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 7. Angelina Pwerle: Bush Plum Dreaming: Abstractions. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 7. 260 Utah St., San Francisco, 495-5454, www.hosfeltgallery.com

Jenkins Johnson Gallery. Seven Sisters: Group show featuring Carrie Mae Weems, Mickalene Thomas, Rina Banerjee, Patricia Piccinini, Camille Rose Garcia, Kenyatta A.C. Hinkle, Toyin Odutola, and Vanessa Prager. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 21, 464 Sutter, San Francisco, 677-0770, www.jenkinsjohnsongallery.com.

Lower Branch Gallery. Satyr & Robert Bowen: Natural Disasters: Fri., Nov. 15, 6-10 p.m. 233 Eddy St., San Francisco, 525-4626, www.lowerbranch.com.

The Luggage Store. Flo Oy Wong: The Whole Pie: 75th birthday retrospective of the Oakland artist. Wednesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 28. 1007 Market, San Francisco, 255-5971, www. luggagestoregallery.org.

Luna Rienne Gallery. Polyptych Tales: Group show featuring new works by Ursula X Young, Joshua Lawyer, and MJ Lindo. Mondays, Thursdays-Sundays. Continues through Dec. 9. Monty Guy: Ambition: Solo show by the S.F. painter. Mondays, Thursdays-Sundays. Continues through Nov. 18. 3318 22nd St., San Francisco, 647-5888, lunarienne.com.

Main Library, Jewett Gallery. A Little Piece of Mexico: Postcards of Guillermo Kahlo and His Contemporaries: Vibrant historical views of early 20th century Mexico, culled from the private collection of local poet Aleiandro Murquía, Through Dec. 29. free. 100 Larkin, San Francisco, 557-4277, www.sfpl.org

Main Library, Skylight Gallery. Breaking the Barriers: The American Tennis Association & Black Tennis Pioneers: Historical overview of African-American tennis legends (e.g., Althea Gibson and Arthur Ashe) featuring photos, newspaper accounts, and video. Through Jan. 5, 2014. Free. 100 Larkin, San Francisco, 557-4277, www.sfpl.org.

Meridian Gallery. By Mainly Unexpected Means: Large group show featuring artists from Palo Alto's Cubberley Studios. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 21. 535 Powell, San Francisco, 398-7229, www.meridiangallery.org.

Mini Bar. Mini de los Muertos Art Show: Featuring Día de los Muertos-inspired artwork by Genevieve Coleman, Mark Hamer, Beth Loudmouth, and Chelsea Tucker. Through Dec. 28. 837 Divisadero St., San Francisco, 525-3565, www.mvspace.com/minibarsf.

Mission Cultural Center for Latino Arts. La Llorona: Llanto de Vida y Muerte en el Distrito de la Mission: MCCLA's annual Día de los Muertos group art show. Through Nov. 23, 2868 Mission, San Francisco, 821-1155, www.missionculturalcenter.org.

Modern Eden. Letter Heads: Group show of text- and lettering-infused works curated by Leon Loucheur and Dave Foto. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 7. Leon Loucheur: Sentient City: Solo painting exhibition with imagery inspired by local animals. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 7. 403 Francisco, San Francisco, 956-3303, www.moderneden.com.

Modernbook Gallery. Jamie Baldridge: Almost Fiction: 11 large-scale photographs — each portraying fantastical dreamscenes - with accompanying short story texts. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Nov. 16. 49 Geary, San Francisco, 732-0300, www.modernbook.com.

Paolo Mejia. Dickson Schneider: Rhyme nor Reason, the Free Art Project: Original collages, ink drawings, and watercolors - all free for the taking. Fridays-Sundays. Continues through Nov. 17. Free. 4343 Third St., San Francisco, www.paolomeija.com.

Patricia Sweetow Gallery. Jamie Vasta: Femme: Glitter portraits of burlesque and drag performers. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 21. Free. 77 Geary. San Francisco. 788-5126. www. patriciasweetowgallery.com

Ramon's Tailor. Tenderloin Dirt Harvest: Please be

seated on the ground.: Installation featuring ceramics and furniture made from TL neighborhood soil by artist Ilana Crispi, Saturdays, 12-4 p.m. Continues through Nov. 22. 628 Jones, San Francisco, www. ramonstailor.com.

RavKo Photo Center. Sarah Christianson: Homeplace: Photographs documenting the artist's familial links between North Dakota and Norway. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Nov. 17. Early Works: Group show featuring "naive images" by 30+ photographers. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Nov. 17. 428 Third St., San Francisco, 495-3773, www.

Rena Bransten Gallery. Edward Burtynsky: Water: The large-format industrial photographer trains his lens upon the impact of manufacturing on global water supplies. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 14. 77 Geary, San Francisco, 982-3292, www. renabranstengallery.com.

Robert Koch Gallery. János Szász: High-contrast B&W photographs of Soviet-era Hungary from the 1950s-'70s. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 21. 49 Geary, San Francisco, 421-0122, www. kochgallerv.com.

Robert Tat Gallery. Charles Gatewood: 50 Years: Retrospective photography exhibit by the legendary documenter of American subcultures. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Nov. 30. Free. 49 Geary, Ste. 410, San Francisco, 781-1122, www.roherttat.com

Romer Young Gallery. Jonathan Runcio: Glass in the Garden: Sculptural objects made of steel, concrete. and paint. Thursdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 14, 1240 22nd St., San Francisco, 550-7483. www.romervounggallerv.com

San Francisco Art Institute. Energy That Is All Around:

Group show including more than 125 formative works by Mission School artists Chris Johanson, Margaret Kilgallen, Alicia McCarthy, Barry McGee, and Ruby Neri. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 14. Free. sfai.edu/energy. 800 Chestnut, San Francisco, 771-7020, www.sfai.edu.

San Francisco Arts Commission Window Installation Site. Sabine Reckewell: Dual Inclinations: Geometrical sculptures made from stretched ribbons. Through Jan. 4, 2014, 155 Grove, San Francisco. 554-6080, www.sfartscommission.org.

Scott Nichols Gallery. George Tice: The Photographer's Photographer: Photography retrospective of the New Jersev artist's decades-long career. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Nov. 16. 49 Geary at Kearny, San Francisco, 788-4641, www. scottnicholsgallery.com.

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Exhibition: Group show featuring over 100 contemporary and vintage photos. The live auction takes place Dec. 7 at 1 p.m. Wednesdays-Saturdays, Continues through Dec. 6. 657 Mission, San Francisco, 512-2020, www.sfcamerawork.org.

SFMOMA Artists Gallery (Fort Mason, Bldg. A). Robert Katsusuke Ogata: Splice: Large-scale paintings made with chalk, gesso, polymer, and paintstick. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 20. Amanda Boe: What I Hold Dear: Digital chromogenic photo prints. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 20. 2 Marina Boulevard, San Francisco, 441-4777, www.sfmoma.org.

Shooting Gallery. Don't Look at Me: Acrylic and spray paint works by the German duo Herakut. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 7. Blue Skies: New oil paintings by Brian Mashburn (in the Project Space). Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 7, 886 Geary St., San Francisco, 931-1500, www.shootinggallerysf.com

Shotwell 50 Studio. 11th Annual San Francisco AlteredBarbie Exhibition 2013: The world's worst gender role models. Barbie and Ken, get their yearly comeuppance at this art show dedicated to warping the icons of (unattainable) beauty and (unaffordable) materialism into something a bit more interesting. Through Nov. 17. alteredbarbie.com. 50 Shotwell, San Francisco, 863-9673. www.shotwell50.com.

Southern Exposure. Sandra Ono: Engrams: A biomorphic, site-specific installation made from melted plastic sandwich bags. Tuesdays-Saturdays, 12-6 p.m. Continues through Dec. 31. 3030 20th St., San Francisco, 863-2141, www.soex.org.

Spoke Art Gallery. Bad Dads: An Art Show Tribute to the Films of Wes Anderson: Figurative paintings

inspired by characters and scenes from every indie hipster's favorite auteur. Wednesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Nov. 23. 816 Sutter. San Francisco, www.spoke-art.com.

Thomas Reynolds Gallery. Francis Livingston: The Color of Light: Recent oil paintings. Thursdays-Saturdays. Continues through Nov. 23. 2291 Pine, San Francisco, 441-4093, www.thomasreynolds.com.

Toomey Tourell. Nathaniel Price: Drawn: Solo exhibition of drawings and sculptures. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 15. 49 Geary, San Francisco, 989-6444, www.toomey-tourell.com.

UCSF Women's Health Center. Serenity: Visions: A five-floor exhibit featuring serene artworks by Kit Cameron, Blazin, Tama Greenberg, Judith Juntura Miller, and Helen S. Cohen to promote the healing power of art. Mondays-Fridays. Continues through Jan. 14, 2356 Sutter St., San Francisco, 353-2293.

www.ucsfhealth.org.

Vacation. Dame Darcy: Framed original illustrations by the witchy artist and musician. Wednesdays-Sundays. Continues through Nov. 22. 651 Larkin St., San Francisco, 795-3633, www.vacation-sf.com.

White Walls Gallery. Word to Mother: California Coming Home: Solo show by the London painter. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Dec. 7. 886 Geary St., San Francisco, 931-1500, www. whitewallssf.com.

World Affairs Council. Global Visions 2013: Fourth annual juried exhibition of documentary photography. Through Nov. 21, 312 Sutter, San Francisco. 293-4600, www.worldaffairs.org.

ZeroFriends. Ransom & Mitchell: die Familie: Demented horrorshow portraits of a mythical German family whose exploits are far more monstrous than your own family's Instagram feed. Or so we hope. Tuesdays-Saturdays. Continues through Nov. 29. 489 25th St., Oakland, 510-735-9405, www. zerofriends.com.

BURLESQUE

Barbary Coast Burlesque: With Bunny Pistol and

quests. Sun., Nov. 17, 8 p.m., \$15-\$20. Yoshi's San Francisco, 1330 Fillmore, San Francisco, 655-5600, www.voshis.com.

Heroes and the Homo Superior: The Parables of Fancy Nancy: A "David Bowie superhero burlesque rock odyssey" featuring music by First Church of the Sacred Silversexual, burlesque routines by Hubba Hubba Revue, drag performances, and more. Fri., Nov. 15, 9 p.m., \$13. Rickshaw Stop, 155 Fell, San Francisco, 861-2011, www.rickshawstop.com.

Red Hots Burlesque: Dottie Lux has led these weekly shimmy showcases since 2008. Fridays, 7:30 p.m., \$5-\$10, redhotsburlesque.com, El Rio, 3158 Mission, San Francisco, 282-3325, www.elriosf.com.

Uptown Hubba: Weekly burlesques & lascivious laffs from the Hubba Hubba Revue crew, Mondays, 9 p.m., \$5, hubbahubbarevue.com. Uptown Nightclub, 1928 Telegraph, Oakland, 510-451-8100, www. uptownnightclub.com.

CIRCUS

Cirque du Soleil: Amaluna: The latest touring production from Cirque du Soleil is all about beauty. grace, and feminine power. Starting Nov. 16, Fridays,



Terry Lir

FRI 11/15 Dance

SLITHERING FORWARD

Mid-November brings us well down the vertebrae of a black snake year, predicted to be one of social, political, and personal upheaval and renewal - a year too slippery to define, a year of shedding the old and embracing the unknown. Dancer/choreographer Peiling Kao, musician/composer Jason Hoopes, and writer/artist Karl Jensen toe the lines between their respective mediums to bring a collaborative evening of reflections on the possibilities, power, and consequences of transformation. "Year of the Snake" touches on traumatic loss, birth, death, solitude, and our tremendous need for compassion and empathy. Four dancers and 12 musicians perform fear and anticipation, renewal and demise, abandonment, nostalgia, breathlessly tumbling into the untried future. It's a year to tread lightly. It's a year to be bold. Come to practice productive forgetting.

"Year of the Snake" premieres at 8 p.m. and continues through Nov. 17 at CounterPULSE, 1310 Mission St., S.F. Tickets are \$10-\$15; yearofthesnakeoakland.org. Irene Hsiao



Saturdays, Continues through Dec. 29, \$50+ advance, cirquedusoleil.com/amaluna. Cirque du Soleil - San Francisco, 3rd St., San Francisco, N/A, www.cirquedusoleil.com.

Okeanos: A Love Letter to the Sea: Dancers and acrobats create a portrait of the ocean in this cirque-styled show by the Capacitor performance troupe. Saturdays, 7 p.m.; Saturdays, 8 p.m. Continues through Dec. 28, \$15-\$30 (includes aquarium admission), capacitor.org. Aquarium of the Bay, Embarcadero, San Francisco, 623-5300, www. aguariumofthebay.com

Open Cirque: Open-mic-styled live show featuring dance, flow arts, circus acts, and more, Fri., Nov. 15. 7 p.m., \$10-\$20 suggested donation. Dance Mission Theater, 3316 24th St., San Francisco, 273-4633. www.dancemission.com.

COMEDY

@DadBoner & Friends, You Guys: Twitter sensation Karl Welzein (IRL: comedian Mike Burns) lives the American dream live onstage, with assistance from Matt Braunger, Sean Keane, and Caitlin Gill. Tue., Nov. 19, 8 p.m., \$20. Cobb's Comedy Club, 915 Columbus, San Francisco, 928-4320, www. cobbscomedy.com.

American Me Comedy: With headliner Carla Clay. plus Leslie Lang, DNA, Allen Mathis, Duat Mai, Cody Woods, and Jason Rogers. Tue., Nov. 19, 8 p.m., \$15. Punch Line, 444 Battery, San Francisco, 397-7573, www.nunchlinecomedyclub.com.

Bad Movie Night: Leatherface: Texas Chainsaw Massacre III: Hosts Sherilyn Connelly, Mike Spiegelman, and Maura Sipila make cutting remarks about the film that besmirched an entire family's good name. Sun., Nov. 17, 8 p.m., \$6.99. Dark Room Theater, 2263 Mission, San Francisco, 401-7987, www. darkroomsf.com.

Barbary Coast Comedy: Thursdays, 7 p.m., \$5. barbarycoastcomedy.com. Legionnaire Saloon, 2272 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, www.legionnairesaloon.com

Big City Improv: Actors take audience suggestions and create comedy from nothing, Fridays, 10 p.m., \$20, bigcityimprov.com. Shelton Theater, 533 Sutter, San Francisco, 433-3040, www.sheltontheater.com.

Bitch & Tell: A Real Funny Variety Show: Paco Romane. David Miller, Natasha Kaluza, Jamie Coventry. Bruce Yelaska, Lindsay Wood, Rosemary Hannon, Phoenicia Pettyjohn, and Diana Lara mix it up with some comedy, magic, and dance, Nov. 15-16, 8 p.m., \$10-\$20. The Garage, 715 Bryant St., San Francisco. 885-4006, www.715bryant.org.

Brendon Walsh: Three nights with the stand-up comedian who totally wasn't a character on Beverly Hills, 90210, Nov. 14-16, \$16-\$22, Punch Line, 444 Battery, San Francisco, 397-7573, www.punchlinecomedvclub.com.

The Business: A Comedy Show: Sketch and stand-up comedy, Wednesdays, 8 p.m., \$5, Dark Room Theater, 2263 Mission, San Francisco, 401-7987, www. darkroomsf.com.

Club Chuckles: Featuring the Grawlix from Denver, CO. Fri., Nov. 15, 9 p.m., \$12 advance. Hemlock Tavern, 1131 Polk, San Francisco, 923-0923, www. hemlocktavern.com

Comedy Blast: Stand-up comedy with Danny Dechi and quests. Tuesdays, 7:30 p.m., free, dannydechi.com. Neck of the Woods, 406 Clement St., San Francisco. 387-6343, www.neckofthewoodssf.com

Comedy Night: Open mic hosted by Tony Sparks. Thursdays, 7 p.m., free. BrainWash Cafe & Laundromat. 1122 Folsom, San Francisco, 861-3663, www.

Comet Club Comedy: Your free weekly chance to laugh in the Marina (instead of at it). Thursdays, 8:30 p.m., free, Comet Club, 3111 Fillmore, San Francisco, 567-5589

The Cynic Cave: Featuring Will Weldon, Sean Keane, George Chen, and Kevin O'Shea. Sat., Nov. 16, 8 p.m., \$10, cyniccave.com. Lost Weekend Video, 1034 Valencia St., San Francisco, 643-3373, www. lostweekendvideo.com

Dueling Pianos at Johnny Foley's: Merry musical sing-alongs. Wednesdays-Saturdays, 9 p.m., free, duelingpianosatfoleys.com, Johnny Foley's Irish House, 243 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, 954-0777. www.iohnnvfolevs.com

F!#&ing Free Fridays: Even your worst ex can't take away your ability to laugh at yourself when EndGames Improv riffs on "Your F!#&ed Up Relationship" every week. Fridays, 10:30 p.m., free. freecomedyfridays.eventbrite.com, Lost Weekend Video, 1034 Valencia St., San Francisco, 643-3373. www.lostweekendvideo.com.

Fun Times with Friends: Episode IV - A New Trope: Star Wars theme party with Brandon Stokes, Ron Chapman, Aly Jones, Scott Simpson, Hayden Greif-Neill, Molly Sanchez, and Jesse Hett. Wed., Nov. 13, 8 p.m. Lost Weekend Video, 1034 Valencia St., San Francisco, 643-3373, www.lostweekendvideo.com.

Funcheap #HellaFunny Comedy Night: Wed., Nov. 13, 8 p.m., \$12.50, Cobb's Comedy Club, 915 Columbus. San Francisco, 928-4320, www.cobbscomedy.com.

Gary Owen: Four nights with the stand-up comedian who totally wasn't the announcer from Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In. Nov. 14-17, \$18.50-\$23.50. Cobb's Comedy Club, 915 Columbus, San Francisco, 928-4320, www.cobbscomedv.com.

Happy Tears: Comedy show hosted by Cameron Vanini and Drew Platt. Tue., Nov. 19, 8:30 p.m., \$5, Hemlock Tavern, 1131 Polk, San Francisco, 923-0923, www. hemlocktavern.com.

Harvey's Funny Tuesdays: Hosted by Ronn Vigh.

Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free, Harvey's, 500 Castro, San Francisco, 431-4278, www.harveyssf.com.

Hump Day Comedy: With hosts Sandra Risser and Suzy Vincent. Second Wednesday of every month, 8 p.m., free. The Stud, 399 Ninth St., San Francisco, 863-6623, www.studsf.com.

Hysterical Historical San Francisco: Holiday Edition: Humorous retellings of San Francisco history by comic Kurt Weitzmann. Sundays, 7 p.m. Continues through Dec. 29, \$30-\$40, comedyonthesquare. com. Shelton Theater, 533 Sutter, San Francisco, 433-3040, www.sheltontheater.com.

Improv Comedy Night: Featuring longform improv by 8 oz. Baby, Vagina Jones, and UQAQUA, Sat., Nov. 16, 8 p.m., \$8. Dark Room Theater, 2263 Mission, San Francisco, 401-7987, www.darkroomsf.com.

The Layover Comedy Night: Tuesdays, 8:30 p.m., free. The Lavoyer, 1517 Franklin, Oakland, 510-834-1517. www.oaklandlayover.com.

Let's Play with Comedians: Comics play video games and provide running commentary. Fri., Nov. 15, 8 p.m. Lost Weekend Video, 1034 Valencia St., San Francisco, 643-3373, www.lostweekendvideo.com.

Live at Deluxe: Monthly ha-has on Haight. Third Monday of every month, 9 p.m. Club Deluxe, 1511 Haight, San Francisco, 552-6949, www.pizza-deluxe.com.

The Mission Position: Weekly stand-up comedy showcase hosted by Matt Lieb, Matt Louv, and Kate Willett, Thursdays, 8 p.m., \$10, mission position live. com. Lost Weekend Video. 1034 Valencia St., San Francisco, 643-3373, www.lostweekendvideo.com.

Nick Kroll: Tue., Nov. 19, 7 p.m., \$32.50-\$44.50 advance, Palace of Fine Arts, 3301 Lyon, San Francisco. 567-6642, www.palaceoffinearts.org.

Nightlife on Mars: Free weekly comedy night with Nightlife on Mars (Ryan Cronin, Joe Nguyen, Adam McLaughlin, Red Scott, and Jeff Reitman) plus guests. Thursdays, 8:30 p.m., free, nightlifeonmars. com. Murphy's Pub, 217 Kearny St., San Francisco, 693-9588

Mark Pitta & Friends: Tuesdays, 8 p.m., \$15-\$25.142 Throckmorton Theatre, 142 Throckmorton, Mill Valley, 383-9600, www.142throckmortontheatre.com.

The Purple Onion at Kells: Cellar Dwellers: Wednesdays, Thursdays, 8:15 p.m., \$5, (415) 921-2051, purpleonionatkells.com. Kells Irish Restaurant & Bar, 530 Jackson, San Francisco, www.kellsirish.com.

The Purple Onion at Kells: New Talent Showcase: Wednesdays, Thursdays, 7 p.m., \$5, (415) 921-2051, purpleonionatkells.com, Kells Irish Restaurant & Bar. 530 Jackson, San Francisco, www.kellsirish.com.

The Purple Onion at Kells: The Later Show: Wednesdays, Thursdays, 10 p.m., \$5, (415) 921-2051, purpleonionatkells.com, Kells Irish Restaurant & Bar. 530 Jackson, San Francisco, www.kellsirish.com.

Rob Cantrell: Wed., Nov. 13, 8 p.m., \$16, Punch Line. 444 Battery, San Francisco, 397-7573, www.punchlinecomedyclub.com.

Secret Improv Society: Underground improvisational theater, Saturdays, 10 p.m., \$17 advance, improvsocietv.com, Shelton Theater, 533 Sutter, San Francisco. 433-3040, www.sheltontheater.com.

S.F. Comedy Showcase: Weekly roundup of local laughmakers. Sundays, 8 p.m., \$12.50. Punch Line, 444 Battery, San Francisco, 397-7573, www. punchlinecomedyclub.com.

Speechless: Sammy Wegent hosts another installment of his ad-libbed public presentation event. Thu., Nov. 14. 8 p.m., \$12-\$20. Public Works, 161 Erie, San Francisco, 932-0955, www.publicsf.com

Storking Comedy: Weekly stand-up routines followed by bonus interview segments. Thursdays, 6:30 p.m., free, facebook.com/SylvanProductions, Stork Club, 2330 Telegraph, Oakland, 510-444-6174, www. storkcluboakland.com.

Top Guys: Join Maverick, Goose, Iceman, and the >>





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rest of the über-macho manly men as they soar right past the Friend Zone and into the Danger Zone in this comedic stage version of Top Gun. Nov. 13-16. 8 p.m.; Nov. 21-23, 8 p.m.; Dec. 4-7, 8 p.m.; Dec. 12-14, 8 p.m., \$20, sfindie.com. Stage Werx 446, 446 Valencia St. San Francisco, www.stagewerx.org.

Walk the Plank: A cutthroat comedy competition hosted by Brian King. Wed., Nov. 13, 8 p.m. Neck of the Woods, 406 Clement St., San Francisco, 387-6343, www.neckofthewoodssf.com.

Will Durst: BoomeRaging: From LSD to OMG: Tuesdays, 8 p.m. Continues through Dec. 17, \$15-\$50. The Marsh Theater, 1062 Valencia St., San Francisco, 826-5750, www.themarsh.org.

DANCE-PERFORMANCES

15th Annual San Francisco International Hip Hop

DanceFest: Featuring performances by SoulForce Dance Company, Funk Beyond Control, Loose Change, Mix'd Ingrdnts, Groove Against the Machine, Nicole Klaymoon's Embodiment Project, and other urban dance troupes from as far afield as New York, Philadelphia, and London, Fri., Nov. 15, 8 p.m.; Sat., Nov. 16, 8 p.m.; Sun., Nov. 17, 2 & 7 p.m., \$39.99-\$75, sfhiphopdancefest.com. Palace of Fine Arts, 3301 Lvon, San Francisco, 567-6642. www.palaceoffinearts.org.

Camille A. Brown & Dancers: Mr. TOL E. RAncE: The NYC troupe presents the Bay Area premiere of a theatrical dance piece - inspired in part by the book On the Real Side: From Slavery to Chris Rock and movie Bamboozled – that explores the history of minstrelsy in popular black culture, Nov. 15-16, 8 p.m., \$18-\$30, camilleabrown.org/mr-tol-e-rance. ODC Theater, 3153 17th St., San Francisco, 863-6606. www.odctheater.org.

Give a Woman a Lift: Flyaway Productions premieres a new feminist-themed aerial dance featuring choreography by Jo Kreiter, visual design by Sean Riley, and an original score by Charming Hostess bandleader Jewlia Eisenberg, Through Nov. 16. 7:30 & 9 p.m., \$20-\$25, flyawayproductions.com. Joe Goode Annex, 401 Alabama St., San Francisco, 561-6565, www.joegoode.org.

Kate Mitchell: Fashioning Women: A multidisciplinary night combining dance/theater performances, visual art, a faux fashion show, and a book launch party by one of SF Weekly's Masterminds grant winners, Sat., Nov. 16, 7 p.m., \$25, fashioningwomen. com. SOMArts Cultural Center, 934 Brannan, San Francisco, 863-1414, www.somarts.org.

Lily Cai Chinese Dance Company: 2013 Studio Concert Series: Showcasing two new works

and one revisited multimedia work. Nov. 14-16. 8 p.m.; Sun., Nov. 17, 3:30 p.m., \$15. Lily Cai Dance Company, 301 8th St., San Francisco, 474-4829, www.lilycaidance.org.

Okeanos: A Love Letter to the Sea: Dancers and acrobats create a portrait of the ocean in this cirque-styled show by the Capacitor performance troupe. Saturdays, 7 p.m.; Saturdays, 8 p.m. Continues through Dec. 28, \$15-\$30 (includes aquarium admission), capacitor.org. Aguarium of the Bay. Embarcadero, San Francisco, 623-5300, www. aquariumofthehay com

Theatre Flamenco: Con Nombre v Apellido: The country's oldest flamenco dance company celebrates its 47th home season. Nov. 14-16, 8 p.m.; Sun., Nov. 17, 2 p.m., \$35-\$75, theatreflamenco. org. Fort Mason, Southside Theater, Marina, San Francisco, www.fortmason.org.

Three Acts, Two Dancers, One Radio Host: This American Life's Ira Glass is joined by Monica Bill Barnes and Anna Bass for two shows combining dance and stories. Sat., Nov. 16, 7 p.m.; Sun., Nov. 17, 2 p.m., sold out, cityarts.net. Nourse Theatre, 275 Hayes St., San Francisco, 563-2463, www.cityarts. net/the-nourse.

USF Dance Ensemble: Real Time: Includes new choreography by Amie Dowling & Natalie Greene, Melecio Estrella & Andrew Ward, and Leyya Tawil, plus a performance by guest artist Joanna Haigood/ Zaccho Dance Theatre, Nov. 14-16, 8 n.m., \$5-\$10. USF Lone Mountain Campus, 2800 Turk, San Francisco, 422-6166.

Year of the Snake: A multidisciplinary work of dance, music, and text by Jason Hoopes, Karl Jensen, and Peiling Kao, Fri., Nov. 15, 8 p.m.: Sat., Nov. 16, 8 p.m.; Sun., Nov. 17, 7 p.m., \$10-\$15. Counter-PULSE, 1310 Mission, San Francisco, 626-2060, www.counterpulse.org.

MUSEUM EXHIBITS AND EVENTS

Aquarium of the Bay. Otters: Watershed Ambassadors: The AOTB's newest exhibit brings an adorable romp of North American river otters to Pier 39. Daily. Okeanos: A Love Letter to the Sea: Dancers and acrobats create a portrait of the ocean in this cirgue-styled show by the Capacitor performance troupe. Saturdays, 7 p.m.; Saturdays, 8 p.m. Continues through Dec. 28. \$15-\$30 (includes aquarium admission). capacitor.org. Embarcadero, San >>



FRI 11/15 Circus

CASUAL CARTWHEELS

In retrospect, an event like **Open Cirque** was inevitable. In a city famous for open mics, open minds, and open morals, it was only a matter of time until someone put together an open-stage circus show. And yes, the show is exactly what it sounds like. The program reads simply, "Act 1, Intermission, Act 2." All types of performance artists are welcomed, and stage time is divvied up on a first-come, first-served basis. This low-pressure, casual environment creates a chance for performers to take risks, try new material, and network — and a chance for the audience to get a first look at the next big thing in Bay Area circus. It can be hard to predict what type of acts will show up for an open stage, but the event is produced by the Ministry of Flow, which is best known for "flow arts" like contact juggling, staff spinning, and

Open Cirque starts at 7 p.m. at Dance Mission, 3316 24th St., S.F. Tickets are \$10-\$20; call 826-4441 or visit ministryofflow.com. **Devin Holt**

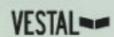


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www.skatesonthebay.com -

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530 Jackson St. San Francisco I (415) 955-1916 www..kellsirish.com/sfc/index.php

MON 11:30 AM - 12 AM TUE-THU 11:30 AM - 1 AM FRI 11:30 AM - 2 AM SAT 3 PM - 2 AM

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Francisco, 623-5300, www.aguariumofthebay.com. Asian Art Museum of San Francisco. In Grand Style: Celebrations in Korean Art During the Joseon Dvnasty: More than 100 historical items depict Korean festivals, processions, and parties from the late 14th century to the early 20th. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Jan. 12. Proximities 2: Knowing Me, Knowing You: The second show in the AAM's three-part exhibition focuses on cross-generational relationships in Asian families and cultures. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Dec. 8. In a New Light: The Asian Art Museum Collection: A display of more than 2.500 objects from the museum's permanent collection explores the major cultures of Asia. Daily. Free with museum admission. The Carved Brush: 24 artworks by Chinese brush painter Qi Baish, Tuesdays-Sundays, Continues through July 13, 200 Larkin, San Francisco, 581-3500, www.

asianart.org.

The Beat Museum. Permanent Collection: Glimpse into the poetic, exuberant lives of Jack Kerouac. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg, Neal Cassady, and other Beat Generation characters via original manuscripts, memorabilia, letters, personal items, and other ephemera. Daily, 10 a.m.-7 p.m. \$5-\$8. 540 Broadway, San Francisco, 399-9626, www. thebeatmuseum.org.

Cable Car Museum. Permanent Collection: Located in a historic cable car powerhouse, the museum displays a variety of cable car gear, photographs, installations explaining how the cars work, and several antique vehicles. Daily. Free. 1201 Mason. San Francisco, 474-1887, www.cablecarmuseum.org.

California Academy of Sciences. Earthquake: Treat your senses to seismic overload in this exhibit that includes a walk-in Earth model illustrating plate

tectonics, a recreation of a Victorian salon that shakes like two of San Francisco's most famous quakes, a planetarium show, interactive displays, and more. Daily. Cosmic Collisions: Planetarium show about crashing astronomical interactions ranging from meteorites and moons to entire galaxies. Daily. Fragile Planet: Float through the roof of the Academy's building, zoom through the atmosphere, and gain an astronaut's view of Earth in this Planetarium feature narrated by Sigourney Weaver. Mondays-Fridays. Animal Attraction: Exhibit about the wild courtship and mating strategies in the animal kingdom, Daily, Penguin Feeding; Watch as the Academy's flightless friends are offered their breakfast and lunch. Daily, 10:30 a.m. & 3 p.m. Coral Reef Dive: Scientists dive into the Academy's live coral tank and offer live explanations of its denizens, Daily, 11:30 a.m. & 2:30 n.m. Ssssnake Encounter: Get up close and personal with some of the Academy's scaly, slithering inhabitants. Daily, 3:30 p.m. Sharks and Rays: Learn about the Reef Lagoon's residents. Tuesdays, Thursdays, 1:30 p.m. NightLife: Thursdays, 6-10 p.m. \$10-\$12. calacademy.org/events/nightlife. Family Nature Crafts: Nature-themed craftmaking for kids 5-11. Sundays, 10 a.m. 55 Music Concourse, San Francisco, 379-8000, www.calacademy.org.

Cartoon Art Museum, Sam & Max - Swift & Mirthful Justice: The Art of Steve Purcell: Exhibition of original comic art starring Freelance Police sleuths Sam (the dog) and Max (the rabbity thing). Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through April 20. \$3-\$7. Grains of Sand: 25 Years of The Sandman: Neil Gaiman's landmark comic book series gets a loving retrospective treatment with over 75 pieces of original panel artwork, Dave McKean covers, concept sketches, and more (including art from the new Sandman: Overture miniseries). Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through March 16. \$3-\$7. Searle in America: Career retrospective of British cartoonist Ronald Searle. Starting Nov. 16. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through March 30. \$3-\$7. 655 Mission, San Francisco, 227-8666, www.cartoonart.org.

Charles M. Schulz Museum. Play Things: Toys in Peanuts: A nostalgic look at popular old kids' toys as seen in Charlie Brown comics, Mondays, Wednesdays-Sundays, Continues through Feb. 3. Starry. Starry Night: Peanuts characters contemplate the mysteries of the universe in this exhibit of nocturnal comic strips. Mondays, Wednesdays-Sundays. Continues through April 27. 40th Anniversary of A



Charlie Brown Thanksgiving: Includes a recreation of the holiday-meal-gone-wrong with pretzels, toast. popcorn, and jellybeans. Sat., Nov. 16, 12:30-4 p.m. \$5-\$10. 2301 Hardies Lane, Santa Rosa, 707-579-4452, www.schulzmuseum.org.

Conservatory of Flowers. Butterflies & Blooms: Hundreds of butterflies - including monarchs, swallowtails, painted ladies, and more - flutter among the flowers in an exhibition sure to please lenidonterists and hotanists alike. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through March 16. \$2-\$7. 100 John F Kennedy Drive, San Francisco, 666-7001, www. conservatoryofflowers.org.

Contemporary Jewish Museum. Work in Progress: Considering Utopia: Three artists - Oded Hirsch, Ohad Meromi, Elisheva Biernoff - examine the ideas behind Jewish communal kibbutzim via videos, photography, sculptural installation, and interactive magnet painting. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays-Sundays. Continues through Jan. 20. Black Sabbath: The Secret Musical History of Black-Jewish Relations: An interactive exhibit featuring music and video recordings that illustrate the cultural influences shared by Jews and African-Americans alike, including performances in such genres as jazz, soul, showtunes, and more. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays-Sundays, To Build

& Be Built: Kibbutz History: A look back at the birth and evolution of Israel's utopian communes. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays-Sundays. Continues through July 1. Literary Death Match: Unscrolled: Rebecca Bortman, Ben Greenman, Josh Healey, and Caitlin Roper read their entries from Unscrolled - "a reinterpretation, a reimagining, a creative celebration" of the traditional torah by 54 different writers - in a playfully competitive setting. Thu., Nov. 14, 6:30 n.m. \$15, literarydeathmatch.com. Drop-in Art Making: Weekly art workshops for kids and families. Sundays, 1-3 p.m. free with museum admission. 736 Mission, San Francisco, 655-7800, www.thecim.org.

de Young Museum. The Art of Bulgari: La Dolce Vita & Beyond 1950-1990: The jewelry maker merits an appropriately deluxe exhibit featuring over 150 lustrous works from the latter half of the 20th century. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Feb. 17. David Hockney: A Bigger Exhibition: Q: Just how big is "bigger"? A: It's the biggest exhibit in the de Young's history, featuring over 300 works by the British artist, including paintings. drawings, digital videos, and more. Tuesdays-Sundays, Continues through Jan. 20, \$25, Friday Nights at the de Young: An art-focused happy hour, with special performances and hands-on activities plus

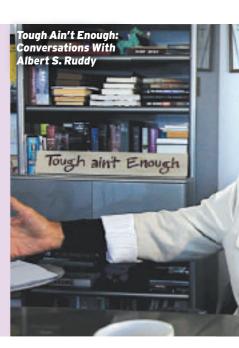


FRI 11/15 Film Fest

FILM BUFF ENOUGH

The United Film Festival has been screening "exceptional independent films" for 12 years. It's developed a pretty good eye — this year's festival $\,$ doesn't have a particular theme, beyond exceptional. But there is plenty of that, especially among the documentaries. Most promising for film buffs is Tough Ain't Enough: Conversations With Albert S. Ruddy. It sits down with the Academy Award-winning producer to discuss his work on some of his most famous films and TV shows, such as The Godfather, Million Dollar Baby and Hogan's Heroes. The Devil and the Death Penalty and Cruel and Unusual both examine California's complex and convoluted penal system, and Give a *Damn*? follows three adventurers who attempt to live on \$1.25 a day on three different continents. Of the feature selections, Park City will be the most relatable for the city's creative class. It tells the story of three scrappy, independent filmmakers who lose their 35mm film print, right before their big moment at Sundance.

The United Film Festival starts at 7 p.m. and runs through Nov. 17 at the Roxie Theater, 3117 16th St., S.F. Tickets are \$10.75; call 431-3611 or visit theunitedfest.com. **Devin Holt**



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SAT 11/16 **Performance Art**

FEMINIST COUTURE

If 92 percent of women's magazine readers can't afford the diamond dust thermo-micro-laser-collagen boost touted in the airbrushed spread on beauty technology, and 68 percent can't squeeze an arm into the sample-sized cigarette pant on the emaciated preteen on page 317 of the 858 pages in the Biggest Fall Issue Yet, then what's a fun-loving, feminist fashionista to do? If you are **Kate Mitchell**, you spend three years designing your own quirky couture line, stage hilarious guerrilla performance art in Union Square, shoot and write your own faux fashion glossy, and hire 25 artists and performers to dance down the runway in celebration of real faces and real bodies in real life. Sweet, sassy, and rebellious, Mitchell's work appeals to the shiny and funny and absurd. See the magic in action at SOMArts in Fashioning Women.

Kate Mitchell presents Fashioning Women at 8 p.m. at SOMArts Cultural Center, 943 Brannan St., S.F. Tickets are \$20-\$25; fashioningwomen.com. Irene Hsiao

cheap admission. Fridays, 5 p.m. Free-. 50 Hagiwara Tea Garden Drive. San Francisco. 750-3600. www.deyoungmuseum.org.

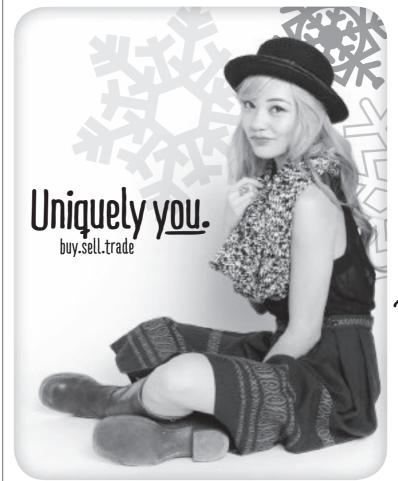
Exploratorium. Comfort Zone: Choreographer Benjamin Levy of LEVYdance helped create this interactive exhibit that uses a mixture of technology and human movement to explore social interaction. Through Jan. 31, 2014, Tactile Dome: One of the Exploratorium's earliest exhibits - a pitch-black maze designed to heighten one's awareness of the sense of touch - reopens at the new location after a slight redesign. Tuesdays-Sundays, \$12-\$15 (in addition to regular museum admission). Jeppe Heim's Long Modified Benches: Sculptural seating by "experiential artist" Hein allows resting pedestrians to interact in different ways. Through April 1, 2014. Homouroboros: A 24-foot-tall kinetic sculpture driven by the interactive drumming of viewers (and with a little visual trickery as well). Through Nov. 18, 10 a.m.-10 p.m. free. Permanent Galleries: The family science museum's gigantic new complex is split into six separate gallery sections that focus on human behavior, senses & perception, biology, the environment, and much more - all with the Exploratorium's famously whimsical and interactive features. Tuesdays-Sundays, 10 a.m.-5 n.m. Soundscapes: A series of artist-created audio experiments and interactive sound installations. Tuesdays, Fridays: First Sunday of every month: Last Sunday of every month. Continues through June 1. Saturday Cinema: Weekly thematic film screenings presented in the Kanbar Forum by the Exploratorium's Cinema Arts program, Saturdays, 12, 2 & 4 p.m. Free with museum admission, Full-Spectrum Science: Exploratorium scientist Ron Hipschman lets you have fun with physics via hands-on activities and demonstrations that explore physical phenomena like sound, color, temperature, etc. Third Thursday of every month, 7 p.m.; Third Sunday of every month, 2 p.m. Pier 15, San Francisco, 528-4444, www.exploratorium.edu.

Fort Mason. Outdoor Exploratorium: Outdoor art and science exhibit. Daily. free. 38 Fort Mason, San Francisco, 345-7500, www.fortmason.org.

GLBT Historical Society. Out of the Boxes: Historical Society Opens Archives of Pioneering Historian Allan Bérubé: Bérubé was one of the pioneers in the field of community-based gay history that emerged in the 1970s and early 1980s. The GLBT Historical Society has opened his papers for use by researchers, Daily, 657 Mission, San Francisco, 777-5455, www.glbthistory.org.

GLBT History Museum, Vicki Marlane: I'm Your >>







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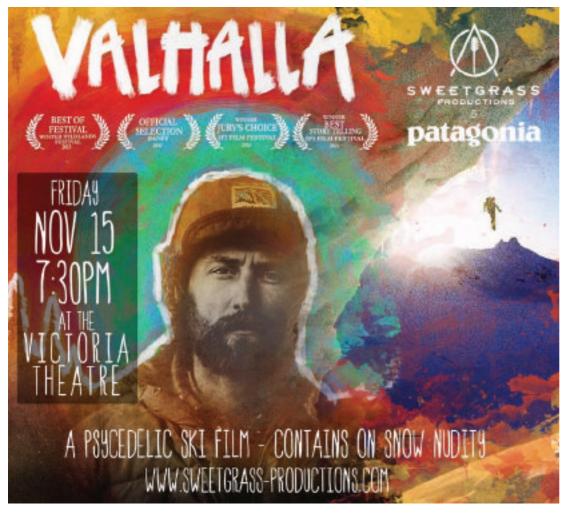


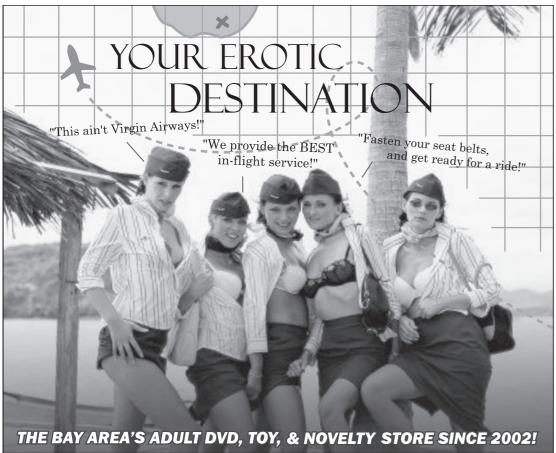


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Joe Wrinn/Harvard University/AF

TUE 11/19 Poetry

FOND TRIBUTE

While in actuality quite pragmatic, the title of tonight's Mechanics Institute event, **Seamus Heaney: The Berkeley Days**, seems to exude an impish whiff, as if auguring some chronicle of legendary debauchery. Maybe it's because Heaney always was and forever will be the great poetry rock star. When he died in August, at age 74, the Internet seemed suddenly to fill up not just with Heaney's written lines, but also with videos of the Irish Nobel Prize-winner reading his own work: that great true language perfectly delivered with that great true lilt. In 1970 he spent a year at UC Berkeley as a visiting professor, and later fondly recalled "the nurture that came from new friendships and a vivid environment." He also fondly recalled a favorite view of San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge from within the Berkeley hills, and with it the "huge sense of the wonder of what man and woman have built." In tonight's commemoration, by the aforementioned nurturing friends and other admirers of his work, Heaney himself will be the wonder fondly recalled.

Seamus Heaney: The Berkeley Days starts at 6 p.m. at the Mechanics Institute, 57 Post St., S.F. \$15 or free with membership. Call 393-0101 or visit milibrary.org. Jonathan Kiefer

Lady: Exhibit featuring photographs, video, and artifacts illustrating the life and career of the Aunt Charlie's Lounge transgender drag performer. Starting Nov. 15. Mondays, Wednesdays-Sundays. Continues through Feb. 28. \$3-\$5. 4127 18th St., San Francisco, 621-1107, www.glbthistorymuseum.org. The Holocaust Center of Northern California. Letters:

1938-1946: Letters selected from the center's archives that detail the harrowing danger of living in Nazi-occupied Europe. Mondays-Thursdays, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Free. 121 Steuart, San Francisco, 777-9060. www.tauberholocaustlibrarv.org.

Legion of Honor, Darren Waterston: A Compendium of Creatures: These 12 color aquatints from the artist's portfolio A Swarm, A Flock, A Host: A Compendium of Creatures update the concept of the medieval bestiary. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Dec. 29. \$6-\$10. Matisse from SFMOMA: With its own home currently shuttered for renovations, the SFMOMA loans 23 of the famed French Impressionist's works to the Legion of Honor for a 10-month spell. Tuesdays-Sundays, Continues through Sept. 7. Bowles Porcelain Gallery: Porcelain from England and continental Europe. Daily. Anders Zorn: Sweden's Master Painter: Retrospective exhibit featuring 100 oil paintings, watercolors, etchings, and sculptures. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Feb. 2. 100 34th Ave., San Francisco, 750-3600.

Los Gatos Museum, American Bohemia: The Cats Estate in Los Gatos: A look at the literary lives of C.E.S Wood and Sara Bard Field, including home movies. audio recordings, rare photographs, books, letters, and more. Wednesdays-Sundays. Continues through April 20. 75 Church St., Los Gatos, 408-395-7375.

San Francisco Main Library. Digging Deep: Underneath San Francisco Public Library: Historical artifacts found at the library site, which was once a cemetery as well as City Hall. Daily. 100 Larkin, San Francisco, 557-4400, www.sfpl.org.

Mexican Museum. An Inspired Gift: The Rex May Collection of Popular Art: Mexican folk art paintings, wooden sculptures, ceramics, glass, and textiles. Thursdays-Sundays, Continues through March 16. Free, Marina & Buchanan, San Francisco, 202-9700. www.mexicanmuseum.org.

Oakland Museum of California. Above and Below: Stories of Our Changing Bay: An interactive, multidisciplinary exhibition about the physical changes undergone by the San Francisco Bay over the past 6,000 years. Through Feb. 23, 2014. \$6-\$12. Peter Stackpole: Bridging the Bay: Black-and-white photographs chronicling the construction of the original Bay Bridge in the 1930s. Through Jan. 26, 2014. \$6-\$12. The Tree of Life and Death: Día de los Muertos 2013: Eduardo Pineda curated this nine-artist exhibit of altars and installations with

a focus on life and death in humans and nature alike. Wednesdays-Sundays. Continues through Dec. 8. 1000 Oak, Oakland, 510-238-2200, www. museumca.org.

The Presidio Trust. Welcome to the Presidio: Two galleries - "Presidio Milestones" and "The Next Chapter: Creating a Future from Our Past" - illustrate the Persidio's transition from a military base into a national park and beyond. Wednesdays-Sundays, 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Continues through Dec. 31. Free. 103 Montgomery St., San Francisco, 561-5300, www.presidio.gov.

Randall Museum. Drop-in Family Ceramics Workshop: Each week the Randall offers drop-in pottery and ceramics workshops. Saturdays, 10:15 a.m. \$6. Drop-in Science Workshop: Each week kids and parents can participate in artistic activities that illuminate some aspect of science, Saturdays, 10:30 a.m. \$4. Meet the Animals: Live presentations about the animals who live at the museum. Saturdays, 11 a.m. Free. 199 Museum, San Francisco, 554-9600, www.randallmuseum.org.

San Francisco Museum of Craft & Design. Jerry Takigawa: False Food: Exhibit of photographs and assemblages made using plastic consumer junk (e.g., soda bottle caps) often mistaken for food by animals in the wild. Mondays-Fridays. Continues through Jan. 19. 2569 3rd St., San Francisco, 773-0303, www.sfmcd.org.

UC Berkeley Art Museum. Rebar: Kaleidoscope: A colorfully modular and interactive seating sculpture from the inventors of the parklet. Through Dec. 31, 2015. 2626 Bancroft, Berkeley, 510-642-0808, www. bampfa.berkelev.edu.

USS Hornet Museum, Living Ship Day: A monthly round of historical re-enactments, guest speakers, live bands, and naval nostalgia. Third Saturday of every month, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Pier 3, Alameda Point, Alameda, 510-521-8448, www.uss-hornet.org.

The Walt Disney Family Museum. Water to Paper, Paint to Sky: The Art of Tyrus Wong: Retrospective exhibit featuring over 150 works by former Disney artist Tyrus Wong, whose ethereal paintings influenced the iconic look of Bambi and other classic family films. Mondays, Wednesdays-Sundays. Continues through Feb. 3. 104 Montgomery, San Francisco, 345-6800, www.waltdisnev.org.

Yerha Buena Center for the Arts. Kota Fzawa: Boardwalk: A 2-D recreation of the Funtown Pier boardwalk and amusement park in Seaside Heights. NJ - the destruction of which became an iconic image of Hurricane Sandy's wrath - constructed in the YBCA's Third Street courtyard. Through Nov. 30, 2015, Free, Dissident Futures: Group exhibit offering multiple perspectives on possible alternate/ utopian futures. Thursdays-Sundays. Continues through Jan. 26. \$8-\$10. Films by Fassbender: 10-film retrospective of provocative German director Rainer Werner Fassbinder: see the YBCA website for titles and showtimes. Thursdays. Saturdays, Sundays. Continues through Dec. 21. \$8-\$10. 701 Mission, San Francisco, 978-2787, www.vbca.org.

TALKS

Atlas Obscura: Vice, Crime, and Vigilantes in the City by the Bay: The S.F. Obscura Society airs "the city's dirtiest laundry" in a presentation of local criminal history. Tue., Nov. 19, 7 p.m., \$12. DNA Lounge, 375 11th St., San Francisco, 626-1409, www.dnalounge.com.

Graham Nash Gets Wild with the Commonwealth Club: The classic rock legend discusses his autobiography, Wild Tales: A Rock & Roll Life - plus issues of environmental and social importance – in conversation with Climate One's Greg Dalton. Fri., Nov. 15, 7 p.m., \$5-\$40, commonwealthclub.org. Nourse Theatre, 275 Hayes St., San Francisco, 563-2463, www.cityarts.net/the-nourse.



Lecture

WED 11/20

FREE SPEECH

Robert Reich was named one of the 10 most effective cabinet secretaries of the 20th century by Time magazine, is the author of two bestselling books, and currently serves as a professor of public policy at UC Berkeley. But who cares about all of that? The real reasons to go see Reich are his unabashedly liberal views and his skill at putting them into words. Reich's columns in the Sunday Chronicle are the type of thing a San Franciscan might email to a grumpy, Tea Party-infatuated uncle who lives in the "real America." He gleefully points out that "Obamacare" started as a Republican idea, that the concept of full-time Walmart workers living on food stamps is, essentially, corporate welfare, and that "95 percent of the economic gains since the recovery began in 2009 have gone to the top one percent." Sure, in the Bay Area this probably amounts to preaching to the choir, but sometimes, that's the best kind of preaching there is. Especially for members of the choir.

Robert Reich speaks at 6 p.m. at the Fairmont Hotel, 950 Mason St., S.F. Tickets are \$15-\$45; call 597-6700 or visit commonwealthclub.org. Devin Holt

Mary Roach: City Arts & Lectures welcomes back the popular science writer in conversation with Jon Mooallem. Tue., Nov. 19, 7:30 p.m., \$27, cityarts. net. Nourse Theatre, 275 Hayes St., San Francisco, 563-2463, www.cityarts.net/the-nourse.

P. Flaherty

Radiolab Live: Apocalyptical - Dinos de los Muertos: Two nights of end-times science and storytelling with hosts Jad Abumrad and Robert Krulwich. plus music by On Fillmore and Noveller. Sun., Nov. 17. 8 p.m., \$39-\$150 advance, Paramount Theatre, 2025 Broadway, Oakland, 510-465-6400, www. paramounttheatre.com.

Three Acts, Two Dancers, One Radio Host: This American Life's Ira Glass is joined by Monica Bill Barnes and Anna Bass for two shows combining dance and stories, Sat., Nov. 16, 7 p.m.; Sun., Nov. 17, 2 p.m., sold out, cityarts.net. Nourse Theatre, 275 Hayes St., San Francisco, 563-2463, www.cityarts. net/the-nourse.

West Coast Live: Weekly radio show featuring local and touring acts including authors, musicians, and comedians, with host Sedge Thomson. Saturdays, 10 a.m., \$15-\$18, 664-9500, www.wcl.org. Multiple San Francisco Locations, multiple addresses, San Francisco.

THEATER

Adventures of a Black Girl: Traveling While Black: Edris Cooper-Anifowoshe solo performance based on her travels through Europe, the Americas, and Africa. Starting Nov. 15, Fridays, Saturdays, 8 p.m. Continues through Nov. 23, \$5-\$15. EastSide Arts Alliance, 2277 International, Oakland, 510-533-6629.

www.eastsideartsalliance.com.

Alleluia. The Road: World premiere of a new existential "vision quest," set along the dusty edges of California's Highway 99 corridor, by MacArthur Genius Award recipient Luis Alfaro. Thursdays-Sundays. Continues through Nov. 17, \$30, Intersection for the Arts, 925 Mission, San Francisco, 626-2787, www.theintersection.org.

Arlington: Jackson Gay directs the world premiere of this new musical by playwright/novelist Victor Lodato and composer Polly Pen. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Dec. 8, \$20-\$60. Magic Theatre, Fort Mason, Bldg. D, Marina & Buchanan,

San Francisco, 441-8822, www.magictheatre.org. The Barbary Coast Revue: A musical time machine back to the bawdy old days of San Francisco's Barbary Coast. Wednesdays, 9 p.m. Continues through Dec. 18, \$20, barbarycoastrevue.com. The Stud. 399 Ninth St., San Francisco, 863-6623. www.studsf.com

Beach Blanket Babylon: Steve Silver's musical revue spoofs pop culture with extravagant costumes. Wednesdays-Sundays, \$25-\$130. beachblanketbabylon.com. Club Fugazi, 678 Green, San Francisco, 421-4222, www.beachblanketbabylon.com.

Bengal Tiger in the Baghdad Zoo: Bill English directs Raiiv Joseph's Pulitzer Prize-nominated play set amid the moral chaos of the recent Iraq war. Tuesdays-Thursdays, 7 p.m.: Fridays, 8 p.m.: Saturdays, 3 & 8 p.m. Continues through Nov. 16, \$30-\$100. SF Playhouse, 450 Post St., San Francisco, 677-9596, www.sfplayhouse.org.

Best of the 2013 San Francisco Fringe Festival: Replays of four popular short plays from this year's theatrical cavalcade. Fridays, Saturdays, 8 p.m. Continues through Nov. 23, \$15-\$25, sffringe.org.

Exit Theatre, 156 Eddy, San Francisco, 673-3847. www.theexit.org.

Can You Dig It? The '60s - Back Down East 14th: 90-minute autobiographical solo show by Don Reed. Saturdays, 8:30 p.m.; Sundays, 7 p.m. Continues through Dec. 15. \$20-\$50, themarsh.org. The Marsh Berkeley, 2120 Allston, Berkeley, 510-704-8291, www.themarsh.org.

Driving Miss Daisy: The African-American Shakespeare Company forsakes the Bard to start off its 19th season with Alfred Utley's warmhearted Pulitzer winner instead. Saturdays, Sundays. Continues through Nov. 17, \$12.50-\$50, african-americanshakes.org. Buriel Clay Theater, 762 Fulton, San Francisco, 762-2071. www.african-americanshakes.org.

Emmitt Till, a river: Combining traditional Japanese Noh with modern poetry and music, Theatre of Yugen presents the world premiere of Kevin Simmonds' new work inspired by lynched Civil Rights Movement icon Emmitt Till. Thursdays-Saturdays, 8 p.m.; Sundays, 2 p.m. Continues through Nov. 17, \$25, theatreofyugen.org. NOHspace, 2840 Mariposa, San Francisco, 621-0507, www.theatreofyugen.org. >>

WED 11/20 **Boozy Lectures**

NIGHT OF THE LIVING NERDS

Nerd Nite is a monthly event that celebrates the joys of intellectual discovery and booze. This November the nerds of S.F. are taking over the rock club Rickshaw Stop for three lectures: one on genomes, one on the history of vibrators, and one on brains. It's up to you to figure out how they all fit together! (Hint: The brain is the largest erogenous zone, and it's made by genes.) The talks will be presented by Ph.D. holders Moises Bernal, legendary sexpert Carol Queen, and Erica Warp, over cocktails and with musical interludes by Alpha Bravo. Despite being a drinking-friendly event, it's open to all ages.

Nerd Nite SF starts at 8 p.m. at Rickshaw Stop, 155 Fell St., S.F. Tickets are \$8; sf.nerdnite. com. Emilie Mutert



Friends: Live!: Grab a cuppa joe-to-go from Central Perk and then hit this drag re-enactment of era-defining '90s sitcom Friends, with Heklina, D'Arcy Drollinger, Leigh Crow, Nancy French, Gerri Lawlor, and Steven LeMay filling in for Joey, Rachel, Phoebe, and the rest of the crew. Through Nov. 21, 7 & 9 p.m., \$20, trannvshack.com, Rebel, 1760 Market. San Francisco, 431-4202.

The Gershwins' Porgy and Bess: Broadway musical revival starring Nathaniel Stampley and Alicia Hall Moran in the title roles. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Dec. 8. Golden Gate Theatre. 1 Taylor, San Francisco, 551-2000, www.shnsf.com.

Hedwig and the Angry Inch: The comical and rocking LGBT musical favorite. Wednesdays-Saturdays, \$15-\$39. Boxcar Playhouse, 505 Natoma, San Francisco, 776-1747, www.boxcartheatre.org.

The Jewelry Box: A Genuine Christmas Story: Brian Copeland tries to find the perfect holiday gift for his mother in this family friendly solo show set in 1970s Oakland. Fridays, 8 p.m.; Saturdays, 5 p.m.; Thursdays, 8 p.m. Continues through Dec. 28. The Marsh Theater, 1062 Valencia St., San Francisco, 826-5750, www.themarsh.org.

Monday Night Marsh: Musicians, actors, performance artists, and others take the stage at this regular staging of works in progress. Mondays, \$7. The Marsh Theater, 1062 Valencia St., San Francisco. 826-5750, www.themarsh.org

My Beautiful Laundrette: Playwrights Andy Graham and Roger Parsley adapted Hanif Kureishi's movie

script (the 1985 film version of which starred a young Daniel Day-Lewis) for this U.S. stage premiere. Wednesdays-Saturdays, 8 p.m.; Sundays, 2 p.m. Continues through Dec. 22, \$25-\$45. New Conservatory Theatre Center, 25 Van Ness, San Francisco, 861-8972, www.nctcsf.org.

Peter and the Starcatcher: This musical theater prequel to Peter Pan – based on the book co-written by humorist Dave Barry and adventure writer Ridley Pearson – tells the origin story behind J.M. Barrie's famous Never Never Land hero, Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Dec. 1, peterandthestarcatcher. com. Curran Theatre, 445 Geary, San Francisco, 551-2000, www.shnsf.com.

Peter/Wendy: West Coast premiere of a minimalist retelling/reimagining of the Peter Pan story, featuring a musical score written by indietronic collage band The Books. Starting Nov. 19, Tue., Nov. 19; Thursdays-Sundays. Continues through Dec. 15, \$15-\$33. The Custom Made Theatre Co., 1620 Gough St., San Francisco, 798-2682, www.custommade.org.

The Pianist of Willesden Lane: Classical concert pianist Mona Golabek stars in this one-woman play - based on the life of her own musical mother - set in the dark days of Nazi Europe. Wednesdays-Sundays, Continues through Dec. 8, \$29-\$89, Berkeley Repertory's Thrust Stage, 2025 Addison, Berkeley, www.berkelevrep.org.

The San Francisco Olympians Festival: Like the ancient myths that inspired it, this theatrical fest is epic - premiering 36 new plays over three weeks, each exploring Trojan War themes in uniquely different ways. Wednesdays-Saturdays, 8 p.m. Continues through Nov. 23, \$10, sfolympians.com. Exit Theatre, 156 Eddy, San Francisco, 673-3847, www.theexit.org.

Saturday Write Fever: S.F. Theater Pub's Stuart Bousel and Megan Cohen host this "writing sprint" where hastily penned thematic monologues get performed before the ink even gets a chance to dry. Third Saturday of every month, 8:30 p.m., free. Exit Theatre, 156 Eddy, San Francisco, 673-3847, www.theexit.org

Sex and the City: Live!: A drag rendition of the HBO series Sex and the City. Wednesdays, 7 &~9p.m. Continues through Nov. 13. \$20-\$25, trannyshack.com, 1772 Market Street, 1772 Market St., San Francisco, 371-9705, https://www.facebook. com/1760MarketStreet.

Shakespeare Night at the Blackfriars (London Idol 1610): Subterranean Shakespeare gives the Bard an absurd spin that would leave even Simon Cowell speechless, Fridays-Sundays, Continues through Nov. 17, \$20-\$25, subshakes.com. Phoenix Arts Association Theatre, 414 Mason Ste. 601, San Francisco, 989-0023, www.phoenixtheatresf.org.

Shocktoberfest 14: Jack the Ripper - An Evening of Horror, Madness, Spanking, and Song: The Thrillpeddlers visit Victorian London for a murderously entertaining spectacle of black comedy, blue humor, and bloody horrorshow theatrics — oh, and a few ribald spanking scenes as well - in their latest Halloween season show. Thursdays-Saturdays, 8 p.m. Continues through Nov. 23, \$25-\$25, thrillpeddlers.com. The Hypnodrome, 575 10th St., San Francisco, 377-4202, www.thrillpeddlers.com.

Sidewinders: Cutting Ball Theater kicks off its 15th season with a world premiere of Basil Kreimendahl's genderqueer romp. Thursdays-Sundays. Continues through Nov. 17, \$10-\$50, cuttingball.com. Exit Theatre on Taylor, 277 Taylor, San Francisco, 673-3847, www.sffringe.org.

Underneath the Lintel: A dramatic literary mystery starring David Strathairn. Tuesdays-Sundays. Continues through Nov. 23, \$20+. American Conservatory Theater (A.C.T.), 415 Geary, San Francisco, 749-2228, www.act-sf.org/site/PageServer.

ARTS & CULTURE

RADIO FREE TWINKLE-TOES

Ira's Mad **Gambit**

The host of This American Life defies nature with a hybrid dance and radio show.

By Kate Conger

Any young theater nerd can

tell you about the powerful allure of musicals. The sets and the props are the bread and butter, but the dance steps and the songs — they're the emotional dessert for a shy-yetambitious teen actor.

"It's a pleasure to be caught up in the machinery of that," says Ira Glass, the producer and host of This American Life, who brings his new stage show, Three Acts, Two Dancers, One Radio Host, to San Francisco this weekend. The title isn't coy; there are indeed three acts, two dancers, and one radio host — the host of the most successful radio show in the country, as a matter of fact.

"When I started making radio pieces — I didn't think about it this way until much later — but I always felt like these pieces could be bigger, feel like more, be better in some way, and I feel like there was some part of me that was trying to make them have the feeling of the Broadway musicals I saw on tour as a kid," he says.

His affinity for theater has always been apparent in his work — This American Life episodes are always divided into 'acts' and the show was originally titled Your Radio Playhouse - but now Glass has the opportunity to get on stage again, as he used to in high school. "I could probably name half a dozen corny old musicals that I was in," he recalls.

The new show, he explains, "is a combination of two things that nobody really wants combined; it's a combination of radio stories and dance."

So how did this unholy juxtaposition of movement and language come to be? Glass saw his collaborators, Monica Bill Barnes and Anna Bass, perform. "I thought, there's something in the sensibility of what they're doing that reminded me of the sensibility of the radio show,"

This American Life, in its 19th year, has a distinct sensibility that sets it apart from other public radio shows. "We're going for something very basic and primal and something that's easy to like," Glass says of the show's

aesthetic. "It's the most accessible, possible thing — just telling stories."

Barnes, a Berkeley native, heads her own company whose mission is "to celebrate individuality, humor, and the innate theatricality of everyday life." Along with a shared fascination with everyday stories, Barnes and Glass also share a history in theater — before becoming a choreographer, Barnes says she wrote "bad plays."

In May 2012, Barnes and Glass collaborated for This American Life Live!, a variety show that was streamed into movie theaters across the nation. Their initial short performance together was the inspiration for *Three Acts*. (Bass performed on This American Life Live! as well, creating a solo dance for frequent contributor David Rakoff.)

Despite the odd collage of artistic media, Glass says he and his collaborators will deliver "an incredibly fun, emotional, funny show." In fact, he promises the strange combination will grow, virally, into the next big phenomenon: "We're going to come through San Francisco and this is the chance to get in on the ground floor of this breakthrough new medium that, you know what I'm saying? Someday, it's bigger than television and porn together! People will be able to say they were there at the birth," he says.

However, aside from the fact that he's combining dance and radio, Glass is fairly mum on the actual content of his new show. But rumor has it that Barnes and Bass won't be the only ones dancing — Glass may bust a few moves himself.

Siouxsie Q, host of local podcast The Whorecast, contributed to this story. To hear her interview with Glass, including his reaction when she calls him the Beyoncé of public radio, listen to our podcast at blogs.sfweekly.com/exhibitionist.

Three Acts, Two Dancers, One Radio Host

Saturday, Nov. 16 at 7 p.m. and Sunday, Nov. 17 at 2 p.m. at the Nourse Theater, 275 Haves St.. S.F. Tickets are \$25-\$65, but both performances are sold out. 392-4400 or cityboxoffice.com.





Ends of the Earth

Nigerian e-mail scams get their dramatic due.

By Lily Janiak

If you have an email address.

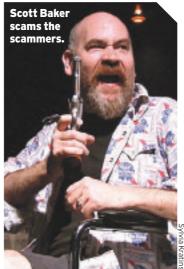
then Scamoramaland, a world premiere by Performers Under Stress, will be deeply personal to you. You, too, have received the bizarre missives — the presumption of intimacy, the shoddily detailed dire straits, the creative grammar, and, of course, the ask and its hoary complications: Western Union, bank account numbers, or, heaven forbid, a barrister.

But unlike the characters in this comedy, by local playwright Eve Edelson, you probably haven't responded to your "dear ones" - Nigerian e-mail scammers — whether out of gullibility or malice. As some in this play scam, so others "scambait," pretending to fall for a scam and scamming the scammers.

That's the beauty of Edelson's premise. It offers us curious email account-holders a glimpse of what might have been had we quelled our doubts and marshaled our sympathy, or, for those with a lot of time on our hands, rallied our improv and bullying skills.

Alas, in this incarnation, Scamoramaland remains just that: a good premise. In practice, Edelson's play skirts too many stories and issues without delving deeply into any. Take Tom (Scott Baker), Richmond, Va., resident, wheelchair user (he was wounded in the line of duty as a bank security guard), obsessive checker of the security cameras he's installed guerrilla-style at local cemeteries, and chief scambaiter in an international online "guild" that includes Serge (S. Angelo Acevedo) and Anna (Melissa Clason). All of this background, which also includes his





conflicts with put-upon but spirited wife Maureen (Valerie Fachman), feels arbitrary, because it never offers much payoff. Instead, it just dilutes the comic juice of the story, which is his online interactions with Freddy (James Udom), a Nigerian kid for whom scamming might be the route to big dreams of school and writing.

Under Neil Higgins's direction, the eight-person cast often misses comic opportunities that could make up for a preponderance of backstory. Yeelen Cohen, playing a British police officer who's investigating a scam, gets to make a juicy remark about how a purported captive has "surprisingly good Internet access," but Cohen delivers the line as if he doesn't understand his own joke.

Tom in Scamoramaland would

probably empathize deeply with the Librarian (David Strathairn) in Underneath the Lintel at A.C.T. Like Tom, this character, the only one we see in Glen Berger's drama, is on a geeky quest whose importance might seem negligible to the outside world: A book gets returned overdue to his library in Hoofddorp in the Netherlands, and he seeks to apprehend the culprit. But the book isn't just overdue; it's 113 years overdue. Further, the only name in the record is "A." But the Librarian will not be deterred, even as the mystery broadens and deepens in scope so as to span the globe and skip through centuries. What starts as an overzealous enforcement of bibliotheque arcana becomes a crusade not so much to answer an unyielding question but to document and appreciate its clues and contradictions.

Nina Ball's set, the crackerjack local designer's first for the flagship company, is a cavernous menagerie of the kind of bric-a-brac you might find in your grandmother's attic. From this flotsam, the Librarian unearths his meticulously catalogued pieces of evidence: a dry-cleaning ticket, a registry form for bringing a pet into a new country.

While most stories behind these items are whimsical, imaginative, and richly detailed, the structure becomes repetitive after a while: Ephemera leads to ephemera, the Librarian crisscrosses the earth yet again, but he's still little closer to completing his quest.

Strathairn, under the direction of Carey Perloff, accentuates the Librarian's quirks, nasally delivering the Dutch accent so as to make the character sound extra nerdy, and ratcheting up the comic gestures to make this wandering scholar look like a clown. These choices, while providing initial levity, take away from playwright Berger's attempt to weave in tragic bits from the Librarian's own life story.

The mystery, perhaps unsurprisingly, eventually takes the Librarian into the realm of religious myth, exploding the character's circumscribed, officious world and giving his life meaning not in answers but in the joy of discovering just how big the question is. While neither the script nor the direction is perfect, the show makes the thrill of research something even non-nerds can sink their teeth into.

Scamoramaland

Through Nov. 17 at Bindlestiff Studio. 185 Sixth St., S.F. \$15-\$30: performersunderstress.com.

Underneath the Lintel

Through Nov. 23 at American Conservatory Theater, 415 Geary St., S.F. \$20 and up; 749-2228 or

World Premiere/Begins November 13

book and lyrics by Victor Lodato music by Polly Pen directed by Jackson Gay

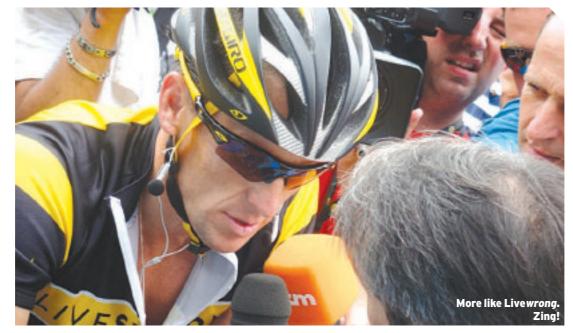
box office: 415.441.8822 | www.magictheatre.org

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The Armstrong Lie Not Rated. Opens Friday at Landmark Embarcadero.

There once was a man who won the world's toughest athletic contest seven times in a row, and also beat cancer, and presided invincibly over a vast empire of splashy fundraiser bracelets. He had some help from drugs, which means there's a story here about the human condition as a function of pharmacology, but documentary ace Alex Gibney prefers a study of personalities. Here he's got several to choose from. There's Lance Armstrong, of course, the onetime superhero of competitive cycling who now is banned from it for life. And there's the small army of Armstrong's various abettors, detractors, rivals, and inquisitors — including Gibney himself, who'd been working on a boosterish documentary called The Road Back, but, what with the big confession about doping and all, had to rework it as The Armstrong Lie. That narrative course change, from comeback to comedown, gives the film its juice, and Gibney knows it. He had unprecedented resources for gathering actual, rather elaborate Tour de France footage, but a better sense of his own personal production values comes through in the emphasis suggested by bracketing the film with Armstrong's Oprah-exclusive mea culpa. Obviously a driven and prideful man, Armstrong is a true competitor all right: riding aggressively, answering accusations vindictively, apologizing incompletely. As for the historical record of his legacy, Gibney's doc makes a good first draft. Jonathan Kiefer

How I Live Now Rated R. Opens Friday at Landmark Opera Plaza

Finally, a movie that asks: Why must I be a teenager in love in a country under martial law whose capital has just been nuked? From Meg Rosoff's popular YA

novel, Kevin MacDonald's thriller stars Saoirse Ronan as Daisy, a surly American sent against her formidable will to live with cousins in some dull old English country house. It's not all bad: The place is basically parentless, on account of mum keeping busy with death-toll forecasts for the impending third World War and related trips abroad, plus there's a sensitive strong-silent type of about Daisy's age (George MacKay) who's really into falconry and allowing her to become smitten with him. That aforementioned war does become a problem, at least inasmuch as it separates Daisy from her beau, but Saoirse the survivalist, whom we may recall from Hanna, makes short work of this. Or, okay: long, kind of drawn-out work. In weird counterpoint to some cheesy cliches of teen rural-idyll romance, MacDonald stages a sufficiently harrowing odyssey for her to endure, although that too plods through its share of shopworn stuff. But the target audience probably won't worry much about whether there's a more effective way to split the difference between world'send anxiety and the possibly greater tu-



mult of adolescent love. All the while Daisy's head is filled with a clatter of agitated whispers, but at least — and this might be a spoiler — there's no trauma too great to disturb her heartthrob's cute haircut. **J.K.**

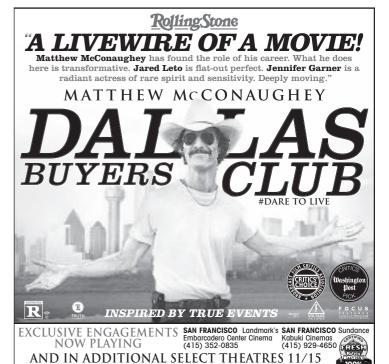
So here's another male hetero critic

Blue Is the Warmest Color Rated NC-17. Now playing at Sundance Kabuki.

chiming in on the greatness of Blue is the Warmest Color. I will at least keep it brief. This NC-17 coming-of-age drama from France, where it won the top Cannes prize, is based on a graphic novel whose author, Julie Maroh, complained of the film's "so-called lesbian sex, which turned into porn." Then stars Adèle Exarchopoulos and Léa Seydoux gave an interview saying that shooting conditions were horrible and they don't want to work with director Abdellatif Kechiche again. That's unfortunate, because their amazingly rich performances, given with such abandon and yet such exactitude, seem so effortless. Exarchopoulos plays an awkward teenager who meets an older art student, played by Seydoux, and discovers a devouring passion. Theirs is an urgent and volatile intimacy, the sort that can't sustain itself yet can't help but forever affect the people who share it. So yes, the film contains long explicit sex scenes. Between two women. Whose relationship doesn't exactly work out. Life contains such things as well. What is the right way to make, and to watch, movies about them? There is more to this one than the sex — and, well, yes, there's also more sex, involving men — but it's true that Kechiche's basic framework is a well-established visual language of desire. But bear in mind that he spends most of the film's three-hour duration looking closely not at the women's bodies but at their faces, where all the action really is. J.K.







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OPENING

American Promise This remarkable documentary from filmmakers Joe Brewster and Michèle Ste phenson chronicles a dozen-plus years in the life of their son, Idris, and his childhood friend, Seun, two black kids from Brooklyn who attend an elite and historically very white prep school on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. That opportunity sets up a great array of ongoing challenges, not least the unusual pressure of living up to expectations from parents who would record, for public display. your every effort to live up to their expectations. And society's. There's never not a lot at stake for Idris and Seun, bright and likable kids from the get-go who remain ever gracious about having been pressed into service as representatives of a grand statement on race, class, and parenting in today's urban America. And, to their credit, the parents don't bother with the vanity of presenting themselves only in the most flattering light. The scope of their effort is epic, but the scale is intimate: American Promise doesn't presume to solve persistent race-related problems within our education system, opting instead invitingly to explore them. Its scrutiny of Idris and Seun's formative years runs nearly two-and-a-half hours long, and not for a moment do we ever get sick of hanging out with these guys and seeing how they're doing. It feels like a privilege to witness and reflect on their achievements, setbacks. and even, ultimately, just the universal stuff of growing up. (J.K.)

Le Joli Mai French filmmaker Chris Marker and his cinematographer Pierre Lhomme are co-credited as directors of the 1963 documentary Le Joli Mai. and while Lhomme surely deserves that credit. it's no less a Marker film. The picture is a you-arethere, occasionally harsh study of the people and politics of France during the lovely month of May, 1962, the first springtime in 23 years that France had not been at war (the concept of "not being at war" feeling terribly quaint in 2013 America). It's never less than fascinating, even though so much of it is merely French people talking about their lot in life. (Because of that reason, in fact.) Largely unseen since in America since its 1963 premiere, and newly restored and re-edited by Marker before his passing in 2012, Le Joli Mai is a missing link in both his oeuvre and in film history overall, a link that we might not have sensed was missing until we see how it fits in: Radio transmissions heard over views of the Paris skyline were clearly an influence on the Berlin of noted Marker admirer Wim Wenders' Wings of Desire, for

example, and knowing Marker worked on Le Joi Mai at the same time he was making his post-apocalyptic classic La Jetée sheds a new light on both films (S.C.)

ONGOING

Dallas Buyers Club Having lost 40 pounds to embody AIDS activist Ron Woodroof, Matthew McConaughev may resemble a shadow of his former self in Dallas Buvers Club, but his outsized charisma - here colored with subtle vulnerability - is nonetheless the spark that enlivens this tale of unlikely rebellion. Jean-Marc Vallée's film commences in 1986 with redneck electrician-cum-hustler Woodruff screwing anonymous women at a Texas bull-riding event while one of the competitors dies - ominous foreshadowing for the subsequent revelation that Woodroof's promiscuity has left him with full-blown AIDS and, according to a doctor (Denis O'Hare), only 30 days to live. That diagnosis is met with resistance by Woodroof, who with the aid of transsexual Ravon (Jared Leto) combats the medical establishment (and its promotion of the drug AZT) by establishing a buyer's club where members are given access to medicine Woodroof imports from Mexico and overseas. Also charting Woodroof's waning homophobia. burgeoning relationship with a sympathetic doc (Jennifer Garner), and mounting conflict with the FDA, the film occasionally feels overstuffed with incidents that have been dramatized in dull black-and-white terms. Vallée compensates for that shortcoming by embellishing the action with quick-insert snapshots of quiet moments that lend necessary depth to his cast's characterizations. Ultimately, however, Dallas Buyers Club is McConaughey's show. Gaunt to the point of sickliness, the actor wields his trademark Southern-devil charm as both a weapon and as armor, all while layering his charismatic bluster with an anger that lends poignant weight to his portrait of Woodroof's fight for life and, in the process, for his - as well as other AIDS sufferers' - basic human dianity. (N.S)

Diana Best known for Downfall, about the last days of Hitler, director Oliver Hirschbiegel turns his attention now to a cuddlier if thematically consistent subject: the last years of Diana, Princess of Wales. This inessential but watchable and poshly mawkish movie covers the brief span between her divorce from Prince Charles and her 1997 death in a Paris car crash with Egyptian billionaire scion Dodi Al Faved – two events whose exposition Hirschbiegel willfully shirks in favor of dwelling on Diana's intense semi-secret romance with Pakistani-born London heart surgeon Hasnat Khan, Here she takes the form of a carefully coiffed and costumed Naomi Watts, and he's played by Naveen Andrews from Lost and The English Patient, Both are charming and commanding: they maintain their dignity

even when the dialogue creaks, which is often. Playwright Stephen Jeffreys' script adapts Kate Snell's book Diana: Her Last Love, and sets the proceedings within a misty cloud of conjecture. It's all very romantic and sometimes ridiculous. (And it feels a little dodgy that her kids, Princes Harry and William, are sequestered offscreen, albeit ostensibly for their own protection.) Also, being a princess story, Diana does nuzzle its way into fairytale indulgence, now and then exuding less fealty to the woman herself than to old Audrey Hepburn movies - which wouldn't be a bad way to go if Jeffreys and Hirschbiegel had better tempered it with self-awareness, or at least something new and vital to say, (,I.K.)

The Motel Life Accomplished direction can't compensate for hazy scripting in The Motel Life. Alan and Gabe Polsky's adaptation of Will Vlautin's novel about two Reno brothers, Frank (Emile Hirsch) and Jerry Lee (Stephen Dorff), forced to hit the road after Jerry Lee kills a boy in a hit-and-run accident. Though they often flirt with unduly romanticizing the downtrodden brothers as figures of minor tragedy, especially through imaginative tall tales told by Frank that are depicted via black-and-white animation, the Polskys stewardship has a visual beauty - in shots of Frank hitchhiking against a gray-sky backdrop, or traversing small-town streets - that suggests their characters' lonely, wayward conditions. Both Hirsch and Dorff strive to do likewise through focused performances, but Micah Fitzerman-Blue and Noah Harpster's script undercuts their efforts via characterizations that haven't been drawn sharply enough. The result is that both protagonists feel only half-conceived, a shortcoming that's compounded by the fact that those around them - Kris Kristofferson's car-dealer surrogate father, Dakota Fanning's nominal hooker with a heart of gold - are one-dimensional types. Replete with a tracking shot through a second-rate Reno casino, it's a portrait of fringe-dwellers that evokes P.T. Anderson's Hard Eight, yet The Motel Life's aimless and clichéd tale makes it a work that ultimately prioritizes atmosphere over narrative purpose. (N.S.)

Running From Crazy Even ostensibly well-adjusted siblings struggle with jealousy and competition. If there's also a propensity for suicide, and you're also the celebrity granddaughters of one of the most famous literary suicides in history, it can be well-nigh unendurable – but it can be endured all the same, and that's the message behind Harlan County U.S.A. director Barbara Kopple's documentary Running From Crazy. The picture follows Mariel Hemingway as she describes how she learned to cope with the emotional troubles that have plaqued her family over the generations. particularly the suicides of her grandfather Ernest and her older sister Margaux, whose promising career nosedived after the disastrous release of her first film, 1976's Lipstick, Kopple's doc is interspersed with footage from Margaux's little-seen documentary Hemingway: Winner Take Nothing (shot in the mid-'80s well after her career crashed, but not released until after her 1996 suicide), as Margaux traveled the world trying to learn more about her grandfather's legacy, and to find context for her own anxiety and depression. Those are by far the most interesting parts of Running From Crazy, which sometimes loses momentum when focusing on Mariel's work as a suicide-awareness activist. But the movie is never less than earnest, and hopefully it'll inspire someone with suicidal thoughts to decide to seek help. (S.C.)

Spinning Plates With Food Network's Into the Fire already to his credit, filmmaker Joseph Levy seems appropriately at ease infiltrating the communities that spring up within and around professional kitchens. He also produced the short film George Lucas in Love, and could be said to enjoy probing presumably alien worlds for familiar down-home comforts, Levy's likable doc Spinning Plates, which has taken audience awards at several film festivals. looks fondly behind the scenes at three very different eateries: a 150-year-old family restaurant in Iowa which burned down twice; a chic Chicago molecular-gastronomy hotspot whose famous chef nearly succumbed to tongue cancer; and a no-frills Mexican joint in Tucson whose humble proprietors just hope to stay afloat. Each has its own token of ambition - be it regionally superlative fried chicken, a third Michelin star, or the security of a

little girl's future — and, accordingly, each has its own philosophy about the nurturing power of food. usually at least in part a function of endurance. Levy's structure raises some questions that will be naggingly familiar to viewers of similar multi-part documentary portraits: Why three, and why these three in particular? And, as if encouraged by the movie's marginally treacly score, his subjects do tend to speak in platitudes. But there's something truly delectable about how they've all let him in on their undeniably nourishing life's work.

South Asian Film Festival Presenting diverse images of South Asians while working to creative positive change through film, 3rd i Films' 11th Annual San Francisco International South Asian Film Festival begins on an appropriately uplifting note with The Revolutionary Optimists. This documentary by Bay Area filmmakers Nicole Newnham and Maren Grainger-Monsen follows children in India's slums who are striving – and succeeding – against the odds to make life better for both themselves and the children who will come after. Presenting a gritter (and fictionalized) view of Indian life is Anurag Kashyap's thriller Peddlers, about a pair of drifters entangled in the Mumbai's narcotics trade, and the deeply troubled cop who's tracking them down. If you've never given yourself over to the joys of Bollywood, don't miss Shuddh Desi Romance on the Castro's big screen. It features all the spectacular music, dancing, and romance associated with classical Bollywood spectacles, with a more modern sensibility about love and relationships. And to celebrate the centennial of Indian cinema - the first Indian feature film was released in 1913! — there's Shivendra Singh Dungarpur's documentary Celluloid Man. about the heroic P.K. Nair, founder of the National Film Archive of India and a man dedicated to preserving India's vast film heritage. And film festivals like this are fighting the good fight, too. (S.C.)

FILM SHOWTIMES

Arthouse listings compiled by John Graham. To submit a listing (at least 10 days before issue date), e-mail film@sfweekly.com.

Artists' Television Access. Abstracts in Motion: Films by Huckleberry Lain: Experimental short films and stop-motion animation. Fri., Nov. 15, 8 p.m. \$6. Other Cinema: Chinatown Tales: Lynne Sachs' Your Day Is My Night looks at elderly immigrants who take shifts sharing beds in cramped NYC Chinatown apartments. Sat., Nov. 16, 8:30 p.m. \$6. othercinema.com. 992 Valencia, San Francisco, 824-3890, www.atasite.org.

The Castro Theatre. Godard Film Series: The French directorial legend is honored with a month of midweek screenings that include Breathless (Nov. 6), Weekend (Nov. 13), Band of Outsiders (Nov. 27), and a special 50th anniversary restoration of Contempt (Nov. 20), Wednesdays, 7 p.m. Continues through Nov. 27, \$8,50-\$11, Ticket to Ride: The Warren Miller winter sports juggernaut returns with its latest high-altitude ski film. Fri., Nov. 15, 8 p.m. skinet. com/warrenmiller, 429 Castro, San Francisco, 621-6120, www.castrotheatre.com.

Clay Theatre. New Italian Cinema: The San Francisco Film Society presents a five-night roundup of recent films from Italy. Nov. 13-17. \$10-\$25. sffs. org. 2261 Fillmore St., San Francisco, 267-4893. www.landmarktheatres.com/Market/SanFrancisco/ SanFrancisco Frameset.htm.

Dark Room Theater. Bad Movie Night: Leatherface: Texas Chainsaw Massacre III: Hosts Sherilyn Connelly, Mike Spiegelman, and Maura Sipila make cutting remarks about the film that besmirched an entire family's good name. Sun., Nov. 17, 8 p.m. \$6.99. 2263 Mission, San Francisco, 401-7987, www. darkroomsf.com.

Embarcadero Center Cinema, Blue Is the Warmest Color: French coming-of-age love story (based on the cult graphic novel) that won the Palme d'Or at the 2013 Cannes Film Festival, Daily, Dallas Buyers Club: Matthew McConaughev continues his run of challenging roles in this true-life tale of a 1980s Texas cowbov who's diagnosed as HIV positive. Daily, 12 Years a Slave: Chiwetel Eijofor, Michael Fassbender, Benedict Cumberbatch, and Brad Pitt star in director Steve McQueen's powerful drama set in antebellum America, Daily, The Armstrong Lie: Documentary king Alex Gibney gets a front-row view of the scandal that led to Lance Armstrong's ignominious fall from public favor. Starting Nov. 15. Daily. 1 Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, 267-4893, www.landmarktheatres.com/market/ SanFrancisco/EmbarcaderoCenterCinema.htm.

The Emerald Tablet. Loud! Fast! Philly!: The City of Brotherly Shove comes to North Beach for this screening of a documentary about the Philadelphia punk scene, with Blatz/Criminals singer Jesse Luscious also spinning records. Sat., Nov. 16, 7:30 p.m. \$10, 80 Fresno St., San Francisco, 500-2323. www.emtab.org.

Exploratorium. Saturday Cinema: Weekly thematic film screenings presented in the Kanbar Forum by the Exploratorium's Cinema Arts program. Saturdays, 12, 2 & 4 p.m. Free with museum admission. Pier 15. San Francisco. 528-4444. www. exploratorium.edu.

Multiple Bay Area Locations. 3rd i's San Francisco International South Asian Film Festival: Six-day showcase of independent cinema from South Asia - including documentaries, short films, and experimental works - with screenings at New People Cinema (1746 Post, SF), Castro Theatre (429 Castro, SF), and Aquarius Theatre (430 Emerson, Palo Alto). Sat., Nov. 16. \$12 (or \$55-\$125 for festival passes), thirdi.org, San Francisco.

Opera Plaza Cinemas. Running from Crazv: Academy Award-winning documentarian Barbara Kopple (Harlan County U.S.A.) examines mental illness and suicide as experienced by Mariel Hemingway and her famous family. Daily. Blue Jasmine: Woody Allen's latest dramatic comedy, set in San Francisco and starring the inimitable Cate Blanchett, Daily, Muscle Shoals: This music documentary looks at the history of FAME (Florence Alabama Music Enterprises) Studios in Muscle Shoals, Ala., where many hugely iconic rock and soul songs - including the Rolling Stones' "Brown Sugar." Wilson Pickett's "Mustang Sally," and Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Freebird" - were recorded. Daily. Wadida: Haifaa Al Mansour, Saudi Arabia's first female filmmaker, tells the affecting story of a feisty young girl, a highly coveted bicycle, and a society that wants to limit what women are allowed to dream. Daily. Spinning Plates: Documentary offering behind-the-scenes looks at three very different American restaurants. Daily. How I Live Now: Kevin Macdonald (The Last King of Scotland, State of Play) directs Saoirse Ronan in this adaptation of Meg Rosoff's YA novel. Starting Nov. 15. Daily. Le Joli Mai: 50th anniversary digital restoration of the 1963 documentary about Paris. Starting Nov. 15. Daily. 601 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, 777-3456, www.landmarktheatres. com/market/SanFrancisco/OperaPlazaCinema.htm.

Pier 15. Postcards from Climate Change: Free screening of short environmental films pertaining to global warming and climate change onboard Greenpeace's Rainbow Warrior ship, Thu., Nov. 14, 8 p.m. free with RSVP, members, greenpeace. org/event/view/4632. 698 The Embarcadero, San Francisco.

Roxie Theater. The Motel Life: Alt-country songwriter Willy Vlautin's hardscrabble heartbreaker of a novel makes the leap to the big screen via key character portrayals by Emile Hirsch, Stephen Dorff, Dakota Fanning, and Kris Kristofferson. Through Nov. 14. God Loves Uganda: Documentary about the effect homophobic Christian missionaries from America are having on the culture of Uganda. Through Nov. 14. American Promise: This DIY documentary follows a middle class African-American family over the course of 12 years as their son tries to get ahead in a NYC private school, Nov. 15-21. United Film Festival: A touring indie film fest — including shorts, documentaries, and features - lands in the Mission for three days. Nov. 15-17. theunitedfest. com, Medora: Directors Davy Rothbart and Andrew Cohn present their documentary about a struggling high school basketball team in an equally struggling Indiana farm town, Mon., Nov. 18, 3117 16th St., San Francisco, 863-1087, www.roxie.com.

Yerba Buena Center for the Arts. Films by Fassbender: 10-film retrospective of provocative German director Rainer Werner Fassbinder; see the YBCA website for titles and showtimes. Thursdays. Saturdays, Sundays. Continues through Dec. 21. \$8-\$10. 701 Mission, San Francisco, 978-2787, www.ybca.org.









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All well and good, but having

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On Location in the **Tinselloin**

San Francisco doesn't give a

shit if you are famous. I'm sure Sean Penn gets a few glances when he bellies up to the bar at Tosca, or Robin Williams starts a few tongues wagging in the Greek markets along Geary near his Sea Cliff mansion, but mostly we treat celebrities like any another naked guy with a wild afro doing backflips off the exits at the 16th Street BART Station. Nothing to see here; carry on.

Actually it's a lot like the relationship an entertainment writer has with her sources — your presence is appreciated and certainly adds to their promotional landscape, but that doesn't necessarily translate into acting like you actually exist.

So when the venerable HBO invited me to see the last week of filming for its upcoming show based in S.F., Look-

ing, I expected to slink around and scribble notes and try not to get in the way. Imagine my surprise when I showed up to the filming on 22nd Street in the Mission and met the spunky vice president of media relations, Tonya Owens, who then took me to

the catering truck and told me I could order whatever I wanted. Meanwhile, I started up conversations with the head writer, the director, and a few producers, all of whom felt they were creating something exciting. I'm sure every show claims that it is trying something maverick, but there's a certain energy to the fact that a show about gay men in San Francisco is being created by predominantly gay men who really know San Francisco.

Looking is about three main characters who wouldn't be caught dead at Badlands, nor own a Chihuahua, nor like Britney Spears. They aren't hipsters, but they aren't 18th Street dipshits either. Naturally, it's being called "The gay Girls," or "The gay Sex and the City." Creator Michael Lannan told me he took inspiration from Armistead Maupin's series of novels, Tales of the City, but that he doesn't want it to be a show about gay dudes and their gayness, being gay all the time, and did we mention they are gay? No, this show is supposed to be about a group of friends who happen to be gay.

said that, the pilot opens with one of the main characters getting a

handjob in a park from a stranger (Glee actor Jonathan Groff). Later, a giggly morning sex romp happens, then a three-way. The focus is on their friendships and relationships, but this is HBO, so get ready for a ton of fucking. Is the title a play on that campy Pacino film, Cruising? Or perhaps the Village People album, Cruisin'?

They set me up with a director's chair in front of the live feeds and gave me headphones. Owens and I chattered the entire day. Everyone was down to earth and interesting, so much so that I forgot that I was dealing with a multi-billion dollar entertainment company. It didn't really occur to me until Owens mentioned having to do the red carpet at the Emmys every year. Holy shit, I thought, this is HBO. But even though I was star-struck by the whole thing, no one passing by was. In fact, most people who stopped to check it out did so to bitch that the sidewalk was blocked. There were zero gawkers lined up across the street, craning to get a better view. "This is so not L.A.,"

said Owens.

Even though we seem to be unimpressed by the Hollywood in our midst, this show is treating our fair city right honorably. This, gentle reader, might be the very first time that a TV show set here is authentic. Location Manager

Matthew Riutta is the reason. He lives in Oakland and previously did the location scouting for Fruitvale Station. "I wanted to get it right," he said. Riutta only picks projects that have some social-justice element; in this case it's showcasing a stereotype-free version of S.F. and its gay residents. The characters live in the Haight and the Mission, and the wide shots of streets look gritty and a bit forlorn. There ain't no Lombard shot, and Fisherman's Wharf is relegated to Never-Never Land. There is the requisite shot of the Golden Gate Bridge, but it's at night, and the rest of the city sprawls out in a dingy sparkle. It is indeed the city the way actual residents see it.

BY KATY ST. CLAIR

So, yes, they are showing us the love. And for that I'd like to personally apologize for the people who have yelled, "Fuck you, Real World!" to them during filming.

Looking premieres Jan. 19 on HBO.

Go to blogs.sfweekly.com/ exhibitionist to read Katy St. Clair's reviews of Ravenswood and Project Runway All-Stars.

Where the Buffalonians Roam

Fog City is no longer stuck in the '90s, but it's not especially interesting in this decade – except, as always, to out-of-towners.

By Anna Roth

Fog City Diner was an

Embarcadero fixture for nearly three decades, an iconic local restaurant featured in a 1990 Visa commercial and 1993's So I Married an Axe Murderer, with a once-cutting-edge global menu from Cindy Pawlcyn. Earlier this year, another well-known restauranteur and chef, Bruce Hill (Bix, Picco, Zero Zero), bought the space, shortened the name to Fog City, and embarked on a serious remodel. Gone is the '90s vibe and chrome diner-kitsch, and in its place is an airy, bright room with recessed ceilings, a muted color scheme, a gleaming open kitchen, and a large, glowing yellow bar that comes to a point like the bow of a ship. It's a beautiful space, but something about it feels a little impersonal, like it belongs just off the lobby of a hotel. The crowd, a bland, well-heeled group straight from central casting, does not seem to be there for the food, which is maybe the point. Though everything is technically excellent, well-balanced, and made with quality local ingredients, the dishes never quite soar. The menu is so perfectly a reflection of the Northern California culinary scene that it feels inconsequential.

The heart of the restaurant is the wood-fired grill, which takes up most of the open kitchen and makes its smoke-scented presence known throughout the dining room. Most of the dishes make use of the oven in one way or another, like the whole wood-grilled chicken. It's ballsy to serve a whole roast chicken in this town, if only because comparisons to Zuni Cafe's legendary version are inevitable. Fog City's chicken isn't a serious contender for Zuni's title, but it's very nice in its own right. The spatchcocked (one of the more delightful cooking terms out there, meaning flattened with the bones removed) 3-pound bird has taut, crisp skin and juicy, flavorful meat. It's delivered to the table in an attractive cast-iron skillet surrounded by fingerling potatoes and halfears of corn. It's more affordable than Zuni's (\$29 versus \$46) and because of its cooking method — Hill's patented Chef's Press weight, sold at stores like Williams-Sonoma — it takes a third of the time to roast. The final product, though, falls short of transcendent.



The burger is probably the most likely to become one of the restaurant's signature dishes. Hill says he started developing it back in June: a thin, Chef-Pressed patty, housemade buns, house-made American cheese, and a smoky tomato aioli. It's meant to be a smaller portion than the other \$14 burgers of the world — "As a group we decided we wanted a burger that was balanced [and] didn't make you want to die after you ate the whole thing," Hill says but it left me underwhelmed. The patty was a little tough (it's impossible to order less than medium; mine seemed well-done); the aioli a tad too smoky; the bun a bit too sweet. It reminded me of an In-N-Out burger, one of Hill's inspirations, but didn't leave me with that deep, satiated happiness like an animal-style Double-Double.

It's hard to find many flaws in the kitchen's cooking, though - dish after dish was well-composed and nicely executed. A Berkshire pork cheek entree had meltingly soft, pliable shreds of pork among mushrooms, hatch chilies, and polenta; it was a woodsy entree that spoke of fall and the fog rolling in. Sake butter, padron peppers, and wood smoke masked the briny taste of clams in a dish of them, but the overall flavor was pleasant, and the clams were tender without being rubbery.

Lunch brought an open-faced hot brown sandwich, a Kentucky take on a welsh rarebit or croque monsieur, layered with roasted turkey, thick bacon, oven-dried Early Girl tomatoes, and creamy Mornay sauce. My only quibble was the substitution of crusty sourdough instead of white bread. More San Francisco, to be sure, but it made it harder to cut.

Fog City's busy at lunch, with a crowd that seems half power-lunchers, half tourists. But it's really humming at happy hour, when there's a well-dressed after-work crew letting loose. That's when the ingenuity of the bar snacks shines. Fog City's fries are fantastic — twice-fried in rice bran oil, and in a smart twist on garlic fries, topped with a dusting of furikake (umami-rich Japanese rice seasoning), though served with a too-small ramekin of garlic aioli. (The bartender happily provided another upon request.) Another solid bar bite was the deviled eggs, zipped up with a bit of bacon and crispy quinoa. And for dessert, the crullers. Twisty and drenched with citrus syrup, they come to the table still warm from the oven.

Two areas where the restaurant had room for improvement: inconsistent service and a high noise level. One dinner dragged on past the three-hour mark, becoming a comedy of errors where everything that

could go wrong with service seemed to. Three hours is a long time to be shouting at each other. But at lunch the waiter was as professional and accommodating as one could hope, and the noise was down to a pleasant murmur. It was nice to sit in a booth and watch the streetcars rattle by on the Embarcadero, a corner of the Bay Bridge in the distance, a perfectly San Francisco moment captured at the edge of the city where the tourists roam. Fog City might not have the spark to ignite the hearts and minds of locals, but it's at least good enough for someone else to write home about, and it's definitely of-the-moment enough to star in another Visa commercial.

Anna.Roth@SFWeekly.com

Fog City

1300 Battery, 982-2000. FogCitySF.com. Hours: Sun-Thu 11:30 a.m.-10 p.m., Fri-Sat 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m.

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EAT FRESH EATS

New Pop-Up Caffeinating 24th Street

By Molly Gore

It's a good time to be a

pop-up in San Francisco, and an even better time to be getting into the coffee business. And that makes right now a very good time indeed to be Fernando Diaz. But Diaz isn't in it for himself he has bigger things on his mind.

Diaz is the young man behind Proyecto Diaz, the city's newest, tiniest homegrown coffee pop-up, and it's a full-blown family operation. Coffee runs strong in Diaz's bloodline — his grandfather owns and runs a coffee farm in Oaxaca, and Diaz himself has spent hours roasting beans on a stovetop and honing his barista chops at church gatherings. Together, the two men form the most direct of all direct trade models, collapsing the supply chain into a space no bigger than a family photo.

Diaz buys a good portion of his beans off his grandfather's farm (the rest from another producer in Chiapas), beans which he then roasts under the mentorship of a friend at Uncommon Grounds in Berkeley. After that, you'll find him popping up in the Mission with a folding table and three-cup pourover brewing setup shimmied from some thin copper pipes, grinding and brewing for \$2 a cup. His right hand man is a friend, Travis Cabello. Together, they pop up all over 24th Street.

Proyecto Diaz is unique in a few ways, one being the way it distills what Diaz's family is all about. Yes, coffee runs thick in the Diaz pedigree, but so does another trade. Diaz's grandfather has worked as a drug and alcohol counselor in Mexico for years, as do other members of the family. Proyecto Diaz aims, at its heart, to bolster the mission of recovery. Profit is beside the point at such an early stage, but when Diaz talks about his dream for the project, he talks about building a drug and alcohol recovery center in Oaxaca, sustained by the profits from the coffee company.

Though he sees shadows of the same problems in the Mission he hopes to help alleviate in Mexico, he says impact is more readily had in Oaxaca. "A dollar goes a lot further in pesos," he says.

Diaz is drawn to the symbolism of the coffee seed, too, and imagines the project will grow into something bigger, just like a coffee seed transforms into a beautiful, fruitful shrub.

"With just these few grounds, this little bit of coffee, we can do so much. We can use capitalism for good. We can actually do something good with money," says Diaz.

Proyecto Diaz offers coffee from only Chiapas and Oaxaca, with plans to open sourcing relationships across Latin America. Soon, Diaz hopes to

RECENT OPENERS

A weekly listing of new dining spots around town. To recommend a place, e-mail fresheats@sfweekly.com.

Ala Romana: The former Rue Saint Jacques space has gotten an Italian enoteca facelift as chef David Taylor, formerly of A16, leads the kitchen with dishes like wood-fired artichokes, nettle and ricotta gnocchi, and lamb tortellini. 1098 Jackson, 292-3699, alaromana.com.

Stones Throw: Taking over the former Luella space, Michael Mina vets have gathered to bring casual, seasonal food that spans cultures. Look for crispy pork chiccarones, squid ink conchiglie, and roasted king salmon. 1896 Hyde.

TBD: The latest restaurant to move into mid-Market comes from the team behind AQ. Dishes are cooked on the custom-built hearth and wood-fire grill, and there's a woodsy, camping theme to the décor, 1077 Mission, 431-1826; TBDrestaurant.com.

Trocadero Club: Dennis Leary and Eric Passetti's new cocktail bar at the corner of Geary and Leavenworth pays homage to the city that has pretty much always had a har named Trocadero. dating back to an old roadhouse in the Barbary Coast days, 701 Geary, trocaderosf.com.







nail down some wholesale accounts in order to lighten up on brewing and concentrate exclusively on roasting. Right now, the pair is popping up outside of three bookstores, three times a week. Find them at Adobe Bookshop (Sun., 11 a.m.-4 p.m.), Alleycat Books (Wed., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.), and Modern Times Bookstore Collective (Fri., 11 a.m.-3 p.m).

Four Bowls of Soup to Keep You Warm

By Ashley Goldsmith

The cold winter months are

coming to San Francisco. While adding another layer of clothing and a pair of boots will keep you warm, we prefer to fatten ourselves up with steamy bowls of soup when the temperature drops.

RAMEN UNDERGROUND

When it comes to warming up, nothing satisfies our chill and our appetites more than a hearty bowl of noodle soup. The spicy miso ramen at Ramen Underground will not only leave you feeling toasty, it'll also clear up your sinuses thanks to a healthy serving of spice. Make sure you add some kakuni to your bowl; this braised pork belly addition is packed with flavor and melts in your mouth. 33 Kearny or 22 Peace Plaza; 999-2509.

PIZZERIA DELFINA

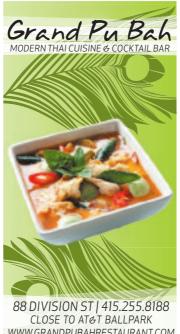
While the soup changes regularly at everyone's favorite pizzeria, you can always count on a hearty soup to take away the chill when even the warmest neighborhood gets cold. The rotation here regularly includes its classic mixed meat brodo of chicken and prosciutto with stracciatella, essentially an Italian egg-drop soup. For the season though, you can find hearty bean, sunchoke, and squash soups with varying pasta shapes sprinkled throughout. 3611 18th St.; 437-6800.

ABSINTHE BRASSERIE AND BAR

When a particularly cold night hits, head to Hayes Valley for a bowl of French onion soup. This old standby never disappoints us, with its rich beef and veal broth, sweet caramelized onions, and perfectly browned layer of Gruyere cheese. 398 Hayes; 551-1590.

NAMU GAJI

While it's technically not a soup and more of a dumpling dish, we're obsessed with the shiitake dumplings in dashi broth. The soft pillowy pockets are filled with earthy diced mushrooms and rest in a lush broth that's packed with flavors of mushroom, seaweed, and that umami flavor that makes dashi so delicious. 499 Dolores; 431-6268.















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The Literature of Reality

By Benjamin Wachs

We had small plates of olives and almonds, fried okra, and chorizo corn dogs between us. I was drinking a Belgian-style ale.

"So why did you pick this place?" Brody asked. We were sitting in the corner, right by the window. We were keeping our voices down so as not to disturb the staff at La Movida. We were the only other people there.

"Because when I performed during LitCrawl, this was the venue they gave us," I said, "and while it was, frankly, an absolutely terrible venue for a literary reading, everybody I talked to afterwards raved about the bar. So I thought I'd come back and give it a shot."

Brody nodded. "I think pretty much everv venue for LitCrawl is a terrible venue for a literary reading."

"It's true!" I pounded the table. You'd think that poetry and wine would go together ..."

"They ought to go together!"

"... but having a literary reading in a bar is almost always a disaster! And yet we don't learn!"

"No," she said. "When you really need people to pay quiet attention, you shouldn't put them in a bar."

"Anything longer than a toast loses them." I put my head in my hands. "Why don't we learn?"

Aiming more for the feeling of a neighborhood brasserie than a citywide destination, La Movida's decor has more in common with a really premium sandwich shop than a tavern trying to impress me with its wide selection of wines. (During the day, it is a premium sandwich shop: Pal's Takeaway sets up shop there Monday through Friday.) The tables seem like they were made to hold plastic trays with little paper cups filled with mayo. The number of wine taps behind the bar is impressive, but doesn't stand out. The minimal art was slightly kitschy in a "this is a fun, quirky place!" kind of way that made me glad there wasn't more of it. But something about La Movida still says "sit a while," so we did. I hadn't seen that coming.

"A lot of times in life I think we have to unlearn things before we can learn them," Brody said, taking a piece of okra. "What gets us to one place we want to be can make it harder to -

oh, this is delicious — get to the next place you want to be. I find that people who aren't willing to unlearn things tend to end up bitter and angry."

The chorizo corn dogs were even better — freakin' amazing — making it another one of many pleasant surprises I was gradually coming to expect from La Movida. The first time I was there I was told they had a Zinfandel from Dry Creek exclusively available. I have no idea how that happened, but it was fantastic. And the bartender that night had such a quick hand with the refills that I actually did a double-take after leaning back to pick up my glass, taking a sip, and realizing there was more wine in it than when I'd started drinking. I looked back at the bartender, convinced I had grabbed the wrong glass, and he gave me a shit-eating grin. Naturally I tipped high. A bartender in a packed room who can get me a refill before I've even realized I need one is as close to a Christ figure as I've got in my life.

"Why do I want literature to go with bars so badly?" I asked. "It's not just because they're both

things I love. We go to a bar hoping something will happen, and that thing will lead to a story we can tell. And that desire for a story is the es-

sence of literature. Once upon a time we went to a bar and ... something happened. We hope that every drink will be a new chapter, every sip a turned page." Brody tends to smile at me when I start to rant.

"But you can't try reading somebody a story at the same moment they're trying to live one," she said. "That's why it doesn't work."

BENJAMIN

"I guess not." I poured more beer from my bottle into my glass. "Would you like to try a sip?"

Her eyes lit up. "Yes, please."

When she turned 30, Brody developed an allergy to alcohol. Any more than a sip gives her days of headaches. But it's not just the taste that she misses. Beer was an important social lubricant for her, as she was painfully shy. A miracle that allowed her to escape to the promised land, and then was denied.

Now she comes to a bar with me and doesn't drink, just talks — a skill she had to develop. Sometimes talking hurt as much as drinking did, but she persevered.

I'd suggested we get coffee instead, but a bar was what she'd wanted. "Oh yeah," she said, smiling after just a taste. "That's really good."

La Movida doesn't look like much, but it's always one step ahead of me. I ought to learn.

La Movida 3066 24th St., 282-3066, lamovidasf.com.



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Anatomy of the Modern Folkie

Cass McCombs is either putting us on, or he's really goddamn sincere.

By Ian S. Port

Cass McCombs isn't going to

show. It's 2:05 p.m. on a radiant October Wednesday and he's already five minutes late. No one near the music concourse in Golden Gate Park looks like an itinerant, mercurial folk-rocker; it's all tourist families. Cass McCombs is not going to show, I'm sure, because he's already late, because he's semi-famous for hating interviews, for hating even to discuss his music. For his last album release, the almighty Pitchfork could only get him over the phone, and he spent most of the interview exuding unhappiness about doing the interview.

But... who is that red T-shirted figure on the bench nearest the pavilion, baggy pants pulled up high above skate shoes, reading a book? He looks a little scraggly, might fit the part. Could it be? I speak his name, get a quizzical look. The figure pauses to wonder whether I'm a random stranger introducing himself, or the journalist he's supposed to meet right here, seven minutes ago.

Q: You seem to believe that there's a kind of folly in being asked to account for your music, or to explain it.

A: Funny you should ask that, I was just looking through an old notebook and here it is — I wrote down, "To explain is to reason, which is an excuse, which is to bargain, which is an apology. And one should never apologize."

This is Cass "Our solitude connects

us with our sorrow" McCombs. He's from Northern California, and he lives on couches and floors and other people's beds and in his car, which he drives, alone, back and forth across the country from New York to San Francisco to Los Angeles and then back around again, a true rambling modern folk singer-songwriter, even when he isn't on tour, although he prefers being on tour. He is 35 and was married once. He puts out records on the Domino label, mostly pared-down rock affairs, lots of them rather dark, some parts of them kinda dull. But his latest, Big Wheel and Others, is a double album that achieves the incredibly rare double-album feat: It's fantastic from its start, from the lumbering, drone-like trucker rock of "Big Wheel," to the ghostly acoustic blues of album closer "Unearthed," and through all the half-jazz jams and morbid pop ditties and Dylanesque country vignettes in between.

It's not just McCombs' best album (even NPR thinks so!), it's the kind of



album that propels an artist from one echelon to another: diverse and energetic and funny and unsettling and gorgeous, full of stories and images drawn from his travels and readings and imagination. Big Wheel could make a case for McCombs' status as one of the leading story-song peddlers of our time, a wandering poet of liberal, misfit America. If he wanted that. It's not clear that he does. Rather than the social agitation of a Woody Guthrie or early Dylan, or the Beats' endless journey into the self, Mc-Combs' favorite modes are redirection and ambivalence, his favorite passions solitary. To believe that *Big Wheel* was not made with much deliberateness is nearly impossible, yet that's what he'll suggest this Wednesday afternoon.

A list of artists by which Cass Mc-

Combs will admit being influenced, after issuing such disclamatory phrases as, "We're all unique," "We're all just an amalgamation of our teachers," "We're all built from the same stardust," and

John Lennon

Primus

Mystik Journeymen

Mac Dre

"The underground music community" DJ Shadow

Mr. Bungle Skankin' Pickle

Fabulous Hedgehogs

Charlie Hunter

QBert

Dan the Automator

McCombs seems so deliberately

archetypal that you suspect he's putting you on, that his whole mysterious traveling musician persona is a show planned to impress or confound people

like me. "I just love playing music with the female spirit," he says when we're talking about his band. "Even the female spirit within men. What is gender anyway? We're all the same. We're all bisexual. We're all transgender."

Only certain kinds of people would wonder such things out loud to the press, and many might do it for effect. McCombs, though, seems utterly earnest, guileless even, words tumbling out of his mouth as if his mind is feeling its way through a dark tunnel. The notion of him as some kind of chameleon who cultivates a careful self-image seems less likely the more you talk to him. He appears undecided about almost everything. "I have no opinions, or maybe, like, we all have millions of opinions, and we can change our opinions like that," he says.

Fine. But what good is a folk singer with no opinions?

While we're sitting in front of the

music concourse, McCombs goes searching through his backpack, seemingly happening upon a wrinkled piece of paper. He pulls out what looks like a jury summons.

"Do you have jury duty?" I ask. "Yeah."

"Is it here?"

"No, it's up in the north." We know McCombs was born in

Concord and orbited the Bay Area for a while before moving to the East Coast around 2003. That's about it. He won't say much more about where he's from. "I don't really like to use that word, 'live here or there,'" says. "It just reeks of bravado and entitlement."

Again, is this enigma-cultivation? Is it simply McCombs being honest? Hard to say. But if McCombs' upbringing fit with his current image, you'd think he'd be more open to talking about it.

The one thing McCombs plainly

professes to love is playing music, though he's openly ambivalent about making records. "If the record was made, it's because of them [the producers and his band], not me," he says of Big Wheel, an album that will likely raise his profile forever. "It probably would never have been made if it were up to me."

The album moves more like a magnum opus than a collection of tracks laid down in different places by different people at different times, though that is how it was recorded. McCombs gives most of the credit to other people. "I wouldn't go into the studio if I didn't have a band who's ready, willing, and able," he says. "I wouldn't do it for myself... I don't feel the necessity to make records, even now."

So after almost an hour with Mc-

Combs, my questions have only led to more questions. Is he trying to subvert the classical picture of the traveling songwriter, even as he seems to embrace it? Is he holding us away because that's really his way, or because he's afraid that if we get too close, we'll realize he's not everything he claims to be?

Toward the end of our encounter. McCombs lights a joint. I ask if he thinks he'll ever drop his itinerant lifestyle, settle down, maintain a permanent residence. It must be easy to travel all the time, I say, but isn't it also stressful, to not have a place to live?

He pulls on the joint. "It's not stressful at all," he says, eyes gleaming with amusement. "I'm making music with my friends. It's fun. It should be fun. You shouldn't make music if it isn't fun. There's no money in it anyway. And if there's any money in it, you should stop right away. You're doing something wrong if you're mak-

So here is one explanation. Cass McCombs has made his best album yet. He could be a great songwriter of our time. He may seem to be following the template made by other, guitar-wielding word-men decades ago. But this is 2013, not 1963. Cass McCombs is not doing what he does for art, or fame, or America, or for the good of the poor. He is doing it for himself, because he likes to. When it comes to his songs, and his inscrutable answers to interview questions, he simply doesn't care if anyone else follows along or not.

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S1771 F

- Surface Tension, a new party by the folks behind the popular Warm Leatherette nights, brought out the goth kids for a night of abrasive, hypnotic, techno-meetsearly-industrial music courtesy of Sandra Electronics, a joint project from techno luminaries Regis and Silent Servant at the renovated Project One. Bonus: Aesthetics that screamed "1980's dystopia" - in the best way possible.
- Thao and the Get Down Stay Down serenaded the eastern span of the Bay Bridge in their new video for "Feeling Kind," a bittersweet blues-y number off her latest album. It's a song about trying to forget your modern troubles for a moment - and, for at least as long as it takes to watch Nguyen romp gleefully down that pedestrian walkway, interspersed with shots of Treasure Island, we pretty much succeeded.
- Vallejo's own **E-40**, aka Earl Stevens, aka Forty Water, went solo 20 years ago this week, and Bay Area rap was never the same. When Federal dropped in 1993, he was already well-known in the hiphop community, but the album marked a turning point; he signed to Jive Records shortly thereafter. We got nostalgic watching the "Practice Lookin' Hard" video from that year - featuring, among other things, a 22-year-old Tupac lounging at a playground in Oakland.

FIZZLE



- Cheb i Sabbah, the Algerian-born DJ and producer who helped introduce traditional African, Asian, and Arabic music to American audiences, passed away in San Francisco from stomach cancer at the age of 66. Sabbah was a source of local pride he held court DJing at Nickies in the Lower Haight for years – but his loss was felt by world music fans, well, around the world.
- Viracocha, the whimsical Valencia Street antique store/performing arts space, could close by February if the owners can't come up with funds to pay rent. Look for fundraisers and special events in December to support them.
- Even from Green Day's Billie Joe Armstrong, we weren't expecting an Everly Brothers covers album - full of duets with Norah Jones - to be his next move. On the plus side, we've gotten a jump-start on our holiday shopping for every one of our white relatives over 50

For full versions of the above stories and much more about S.F. music, check out All Shook Down, our music blog, at www.sfweekly.com/shookdown.



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The Masters **Are Back**

Kenny Gonzalez and Louie Vega return to work in the highest echelons of house music.

By Derek Opperman

When it comes to influential house music producers, few can top Masters at Work. It's a duo composed of legendary New York producers "Little Louie Vega and Kenny "Dope" Gonzalez, who, from the late-'80s onwards, changed the face of dance music by fusing the structure of disco with the iazzy rhythms and sample-based aesthetic of '90s house and hip-hop. About 10 years ago, Vega and Gonzalez took a break to focus on solo material. But they reconvened after a spate of popular one-off performances in 2012 (including an appearance at 1015 Folsom), and are once again producing and DJing under their most famous banner.

Throughout the '90s, the duo unveiled more than 1.500 releases between their original projects and remixes for major labels like Atlantic and Virgin. Their sound has always been at the forefront of house culture, directing the music into ever more clever and complicated territory. For instance, their classic track, "The Ha Dance," turned a five-second sample from Eddie Murphy and Dan Aykroyd's Trading Places into a stuttering vogue anthem, complete with flashing snare drums and buoyant basslines. Similarly, their work on the Nuyorican Soul project brought aspects of U.K. drum 'n' bass and Latin percussion into the fold, creating one-of-a-kind classic "The Nervous Track" from a jazz breakbeat and lush atmospheric chords.

The reformation of Masters at Work couldn't have come at a better time. The impact of the duo can be felt across the board in today's underground, with a renewal of interest in the soulful side of '90s New York house through contemporary acts like Bicep and Disclosure. In fact, a part of the reason for Masters at Work's revival comes down to the two producer's interests in educating the next generation of house heads as to the roots — and potential — of the sound. "We feel it's a responsibility to give [people] some knowledge about where this music comes from," Vega recently told Magnetic.

The Masters at Work live performance is instructive in the way Gonzalez and Vega weave classics with contemporary fare through the filter of old-school DJ work. Their sets nowadays fuse laptops and USB-fed CDJs with long-forgotten techniques like live EQing through a three-band isolator (which allows a spinner to create drama by pulling the bass out and manipulating the mid-range like a wah-wah pedal). To hear them spin is an education in and of itself, which makes their appearance at Mighty this Friday a can't-miss event.

Mighty and Derek Hena present Másters at Work, Shortkut, Proof, Renoir, King Size Slap at Mighty

9 p.m. Friday, Nov. 15. \$25-\$50; mighty119.com

OTHER WORTHY PARTIES THIS WEEK

Rusko at 1015 Folsom, 10 p.m. Friday, Nov. 15. \$20-\$30; 1015.com

Dubstep has changed a lot since it first appeared on London's bass-addicted dancefloors in the early-'00s. Nowadays, it's synonymous with American festival culture, owing more to the abrasion of heavy metal than the Jamaican "dub" its name suggests. That transition is partly due to Rusko, an Enalish producer who injected the sound with the wobbly basslines and machine-like noises that have since become its hall-

DJ Assault at The Chapel, 10 p.m. Friday, Nov. 15. \$10-\$15; thechapelsf.com

Though it's not accurate, a lot of people view electronic dance music as inherently lacking in eroticism. This couldn't be less true of the work of DJ Assault, a Detroit-based spinner whose tracks (such as his anthemic "Ass N Titties") falls in the category of "ghetto tech," a form of X-rated house that throws raunchy, booty-centric

lyrics on top of breakneck rhythms and funk-inspired basslines.

Lights Down Low presents MK at Monarch 10 p.m. Saturday, Nov. 16. \$15-\$20; monarchsf.com

Marc Kinchen (aka MK) is one of dance music's iconic remixers, turning mainstream hits (like the Nightcrawlers' "Push the Feeling On") into trippy, high-intensity diva-house workouts. Today, he's still at it, applying his honed production chops to poppy tracks by the likes of Disclosure and Lana Del Ray.

Play it Cool presents Boogie Nite at Balançoire, 9 p.m. Saturday, Nov. 16. \$5; balancoiresf.com

The golden years of Chicago house might be over, but that doesn't mean there aren't DJs still keeping the flame alive. Case in point is Boogie Nite, a spinner from the Windy City whose looped-up, high-octane take on disco recalls Chi-town's sweaty warehouse heyday. Full disclosure, I'm one of the opening DJs.





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100 Guitars in Ecstasy

Rhys Chatham's A Secret Rose merges rock, minimalism, and sheer beauty.

By Sam Lefebvre

A lot of musicians who love

the Ramones have similar reactions to the seminal New York punk band: They form a scrappy punk outfit of their own. Rhys Chatham, however, found a different inspiration: He synthesized the leather-clad quartet's serrated guitar riffs with avant-garde minimalism, producing a new strain of modern classical music.

So while his forebears in the art music world looked to eclectic sounds and world music for inspiration — Steve Reich to percussionists in Ghana, Tony Conrad to German band Faust, and Terry Riley to jazz and early electronic music, Chatham found it in 1977 at the legendary Bowery dive CBGB's. This week, he'll present a composition for 100 guitars entitled A Secret Rose at Richmond's Craneway Pavilion — a piece that represents the culmination of his long career trajectory since that revelatory Ramones show.

The spry 61-year-old speaks giddily over Skype from his Paris living room. A New York native and expatriate since 1987, Chatham spikes conversation with French phrases and professes to the transformative power of Kabbalah, the esoteric spiritual practice he adopted 10 years ago. Chatham describes Kabbalah's meditative tenets quite similarly to the transcendent power of 100-guitar orchestras, as if drone music were his gateway to spirituality. Maybe it was.

"Drastic Classicism," a piece compiled on the 1982 collection New Music from Antarctica, characterizes Chatham's early approach. An uptempo rock beat propels dense swathes of guitar notes that swell to hypnotic dissonance and fall back to the beauty of a single sustained note. It bares the skittish hallmarks of No Wave, the propulsion of punk, and the complex sonic presence of layered drones, combining rock and minimalism such that "the tiniest critical scissors [can't] tear the two apart," as was Chatham's goal.

In his late teens, Chatham absorbed New York's avant-garde milieu as a harpsichord tuner and member of La Monte Young's drone ensemble Theatre of Eternal Music. He wrote his own works at the time, but in hindsight admits that his early ideas were too derivative of



the composers he admired. Still, his fervor for the city's innovators led to a position programming music at downtown art space The Kitchen. In the late '70s, Chatham fell in with Lower Manhattan's No Wave scene, in which punk urgency merged with conceptual art. After the fabled Ramones concert, he bought a guitar and resolved that adopting elements of rock music would distinguish his original compositions.

In 1978 Chatham premiered Guitar Trio, a piece named for its instrumentation, which he built around the overtones, or harmonics, generated by a single guitar string. "It was a merge of minimalist tendencies and what was happening at CBGB's," he says. Audiences received it warmly. "The rock crowd would hear it as a new variation on a wall of sound, whereas my friends coming out of the Kitchen would see it as an exciting new strain of minimalism."

Guitar Trio was the prototype for Chatham's guitar orchestras today. "My initial idea was to get all of these guitars in a dark room, bring the people in, lock the doors, and call it 'Torture Box," he recalls with a laugh. Instead, he developed *Guitar* Trio with more members and alternate tunings, rechristening the piece "G3." In 1989, Chatham premiered An Angel Moves Too Fast to See, his first composition for 100 guitars. "I wanted to make a piece that explored the sonority of not only 100 guitars blasting away but 100 guitars playing softly," he says. Shortly after, Chatham debuted A Crimson Grail with 200 guitars surrounding the audience inside a cathedral in Paris.

This summer, Chatham performed Guitar Trio at San Francisco venue the Lab, with local musicians like Ava Mendoza, a graduate of Mills College in Oakland. At the mention of his long working history with musicians from Mills and the Bay Area, Chatham swoons like he's remembering a cherished childhood stuffed animal. His first mentor, Morton Subotnik, co-founded the San Francisco Tape Center in the '60s, and Chatham has numerous other Bay Area connections. "Most of my friends received degrees from Mills before coming to New York," he says, and Chatham performed Guitar Trio at Mills during his very first tour.

That lineage carries into this week's West Coast premiere of A Secret Rose. Both Mills College players and local amateurs will join Chatham on the Craneway Pavilion's proscenium stage. A local rhythm section of Jordan Glenn on drums and Lisa Mezzacappa will support the performance's 100 guitarists. "[Glenn] is a monster," Chatham says. "He hits the drums extremely hard, but somehow there is a poetry to it."

Accessibility is at the heart of Chatham's lifelong endeavor to merge rock and minimalism. He seeks to meld the forms into a single new experience — and believes he's succeeded. "The problem with contemporary music in the '50s was that you practically had to have a master's degree to comprehend it," he says. In contrast, "We've done over 30 versions of this around the world, and the audience is uniformly ecstatic because the music is ecstatic."

Rhys Chatham's A Secret Rose

7 p.m. Sunday, Nov. 17, at Craneway Pavilion, Richmond. \$10-\$75; otherminds.org.

MUSIC LISTINGS

Club listings are offered as a free service to SF Weekly readers and are subject to space restrictions. To have a listing added, contact Clubs Editor John Graham by email (John.Graham@ sfweekly.com), fax (777-1839), or mail (225 Bush St. 17th, Floor, S.F.,CA 94104). To change an existing listing, call 536-8147. Deadline is noon Tuesday for the following week's issue. Our Concerts section lists major shows and special events. Call individual clubs for show details. Except as noted, all phone numbers are in the 415 area code. Listings rotate regularly, as space allows. Our complete listings of local clubs - searchable by keyword, date, and genre - are available online.

CLUBS

WEDNESDAY 11/13

ROCK

Brick & Mortar Music Hall: 1710 Mission, San Francisco. Hot Toddies, Kill Moi, Odd Owl, Blaus, 9 p.m., \$6-\$9.

Cafe Du Nord: 2170 Market, San Francisco. "Thanks But No Thanksgiving," Benefit for KUSF in Exile and One Mama featuring The Sam Chase, Jesús & The Rabbis, M.O.M. DJs, 9 p.m., \$10-\$15.

The Chapel: 777 Valencia St., San Francisco. Those Darlins, Diane Coffee, Jesus Sons, 9 p.m., \$12-\$15.

Elbo Room: 647 Valencia, San Francisco. Buffalo Tooth, Commissure, Growwler, Popgang DJs, 9 p.m.,

Hemlock Tavern: 1131 Polk, San Francisco. White Mystery, Dead Meat, 8:30 p.m., \$10.

Hotel Utah: 500 Fourth St., San Francisco. Grex, Cash Pony, Inner Ear Brigade, Mark Clifford Quartet, 8 p.m., \$8-\$10.

Monarch: 101 6th St., San Francisco. Tall Fires, Mosaics, Unruly Things, Stomping Grounds, 8 p.m., \$8.

Thee Parkside: 1600 17th St., San Francisco. The Deer Tracks, Low Leaf, Survival Guide, 8 p.m.,

DANCE

The Cafe: 2369 Market, San Francisco. "Sticky Wednesdays," w/ DJ Mark Andrus, 8 p.m., free.



THUNDERCAT

With Real Magic. 8 p.m. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at the Independent; \$15-\$17; theindependentsf.com.

When Nintendo bigwig Hiroshi Yamauchi died in September, tributes from videogame fans poured in from all around. Bassist and multi-instrumentalist Thundercat (aka Stephen Bruner) joined the mix, too, distributing a tune called "Bowzer's Ballad." Aside from the title's reference to the "Super Mario" bad guy, the instrumental song — a simple, subtle, melancholy thing — makes no overt allusion to videogames, but its general texture and the power of suggestion make it seem like it could have come from a longlost RPG. We'll qualify "pseudo-video-game music," then, as one more style Bruner has tried, adding to a wild résumé that includes work in or with Snoop Dogg, Erykah Badu, Suicidal Tendencies, Flying Lotus, and others. In keeping with this theme, June's Apocalypse — Thundercat's second album — freely tinkers with R&B, electronica, jazz, soul, and funk, using that diversity to odd, imaginative results. **Reyan Ali**











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CONCERTS

WEDNESDAY 11/13

Cults: W/ Sacco, Mood Rings, 8 p.m., \$25-\$35 advance. The Fillmore, 1805 Geary, San Francisco. Gaelic Storm: 8 p.m., \$17. Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell, San Francisco.

S.F. Opera: The Barber of Seville (II Barbiere di Siviglia): 7:30 p.m., \$23-\$357. War Memorial Opera House, 301 Van Ness, San Francisco.

THURSDAY 11/14

Ben Harper: Acoustic performance, 8 p.m., \$45-\$65. Davies Symphony Hall, 201 Van Ness, San Francisco.

Danny James: W/ Melted Toys, Once & Future Band, Cold Beat, 8 p.m., \$14. Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell, San Francisco.

Kayhan Kalhor & Ali Bahrami Fard: 7:30 p.m., \$25-\$60, SEIA77 Center, 205 Franklin St.,

Kreator: W/ Overkill, 8 p.m., \$25 advance. The Fillmore, 1805 Geary, San Francisco.

S.F. Onera: The Barber of Seville (II Barbiere di Siviglia): 7:30 p.m., \$23-\$357. War Memorial Opera House, 301 Van Ness, San Francisco.

FRIDAY 11/15

J.J. Grey & Mofro: W/ The Stone Foxes, 9 p.m., \$25-\$35 advance. The Fillmore, 1805 Geary, San Francisco.

Lil B: 9 p.m., \$25-\$27. The Regency Ballroom, 1290 Sutter, San Francisco.

Cass McCombs: W/ Meg Baird, 9 p.m., \$16. Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell, San Francisco.

Mustache Harbor: W/ Super Huey, 9 p.m., \$22. Bimbo's 365 Club, 1025 Columbus, San Fran-

Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra: Music from Imperial Saint Petersburg: 8 p.m., \$25-\$93. SFJAZZ Center, 205 Franklin St., San Francisco.

Portugal. The Man: Free concert onboard Greenpeace's Rainbow Warrior ship, 8 p.m., free with RSVP. Pier 15, 698 The Embarcadero. San Francisco.

San Francisco City Chorus: 8 p.m., \$12-\$20. Mission Dolores, 3321 16th St., San Francisco.

S.F. Opera: Der Fliegende Holländer: 8 p.m., \$27-\$385. War Memorial Opera House, 301 Van Ness. San Francisco.

Toro y Moi: W/ Classixx, 8 p.m., \$27.50. Fox Theater - Oakland, 1807 Telegraph, Oakland,

SATURDAY 11/16

Steve Aoki: W/ Borgore, Waka Flocka Flame, Kevs N Krates, Kryoman, 6 p.m., \$30-\$45. Bill Graham Civic Auditorium, 99 Grove, San Francisco.

August Burns Red: W/ Blessthefall, Defeater. Beartooth, 8 p.m., \$23-\$25. The Regency Ballroom, 1290 Sutter, San Francisco.

Bay Area Rainbow Symphony: 8 p.m., \$15-\$35. St. Mark's Lutheran Church, 1111 O'Farrell, San

Beats Antique: W/III-Esha, Sorne, 9 p.m., \$27.50-\$39.50 advance. The Fillmore, 1805 Geary. San Francisco.

Zac Brown Band: W/ Trombone Shorty & Orleans Avenue, 7 n.m., \$42,50-\$72,50, SAP Center, 525 W. Santa Clara St., San Jose.

Bill Callahan: W/ Mick Turner, 9 p.m., \$25, Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell, San Fran-

Vijay Iyer: 7:30 p.m., \$30-\$55. SFJAZZ Center, 205 Franklin St., San Francisco.

KBLX Hot Winter Night: W/ Keith Sweat, K-Ci & JoJo, 7:30 p.m., \$35-\$125 advance. Paramount Theatre, 2025 Broadway, Oakland.

Lesbian/Gay Chorus of San Francisco: We Celebrate!: 7 n.m., \$10-\$20, First Unitarian Universalist Society of San Francisco, 1187 Franklin, San Francisco.

Joshua Redman Quartet: 8 p.m., \$22-\$56. UC Berkeley, Zellerbach Hall, 2430 Bancroft,

S.F. Opera: The Barber of Seville (II Barbiere di Siviglia): 8 p.m., \$23-\$357. War Memorial Opera House, 301 Van Ness, San Francisco.

- Cat Club: 1190 Folsom, San Francisco. "Bondage A Go Go." w/ DJs Damon, Tomas Diablo, & quests, 9:30 p.m., \$5-\$10.
- Clift Hotel, Redwood Room: 495 Geary, San Francisco. "Enigma: Sessions 003," w/ Reckless in Vegas, Dean Samaras, Richard Habib, Marija Dunn, 6 p.m.,
- Club X: 715 Harrison, San Francisco. "Electro Pop Rocks," 18+ dance party with Gummy & Dosvec, 9 n.m.
- F8: 1192 Folsom St., San Francisco. "Housepitality," w/ Francesca Lombardo, Michael Tello, Paul Carey, Mike Bee, Joel Conway, 9 p.m., \$5-\$10.
- The Independent: 628 Divisadero, San Francisco. Thundercat, Real Magic, 8 p.m., \$15-\$17.
- The Knockout: 3223 Mission, San Francisco, "Disorder," w/ Detachments, Replicanti, DJ Nickie, 10 p.m., \$5.
- Lookout: 3600 16th St., San Francisco, "What?," w/ resident DJ Tisdale and guests, 7 p.m., free.
- Madrone Art Bar: 500 Divisadero, San Francisco. "Rock the Spot," 9 p.m., free.
- Q Bar: 456 Castro, San Francisco, "Booty Call." w/ Juanita More, Joshua J, guests, 9 p.m., \$3.

ACOUSTIC

- Dolores Park Cafe: 501 Dolores, San Francisco, Joe Marson & Roem Baur, 6:30 p.m.
- The Lost Church: 65 Capp St., San Francisco. Tall Heights, Jeff Conley, 8 p.m., \$10.
- Plough & Stars: 116 Clement, San Francisco. Daniel Seidel, 9 p.m.
- Rickshaw Stop: 155 Fell. San Francisco, Farallons. Michael Musika, From a Fountain, 8 p.m., \$10.
- Swedish American Hall: 2174 Market, San Francisco. Vanessa Carlton, Birdcloud, 7:30 p.m., \$25.

JAZZ

- Burritt Room: 417 Stockton St., San Francisco. Terry Disley's Rocking Jazz Trio, 6 p.m., free.
- Center for New Music: 55 Taylor St., San Francisco. Peter Brötzmann & Paal Nilssen-Love, 7:30 p.m., \$18-\$28
- Jazz Bistro At Les Joulins: 44 Ellis, San Francisco. Charles Unger Experience, 7:30 p.m., free.
- Le Colonial: 20 Cosmo, San Francisco. The Cosmo Alleycats featuring Ms. Emily Wade Adams, 7 p.m., free.
- Sheba Piano Lounge: 1419 Fillmore, San Francisco. Jesse Foster 8 n m
- Top of the Mark: One Nob Hill, 999 California, San Francisco, Ricardo Scales, Wednesdays, 6:30-11:30 p.m., \$5.
- Tupelo: 1337 Green St., San Francisco. Kit Ruscoe, 9:30 p.m.
- Zingari: 501 Post. San Francisco, Sherri Roberts. 7:30 p.m., free.

INTERNATIONAL

- Bissap Baobab: 3372 19th St., San Francisco, Timba Dance Party, w/ DJ WaltDigz, 10 p.m., \$5.
- Cafe Cocomo: 650 Indiana, San Francisco, "Bachatalicious," w/ DJs Good Sho & Rodney, 7 p.m., \$5-\$10
- First Unitarian Universalist Society of San Francisco: 1187 Franklin, San Francisco, Kaoru Kakizakai with Shirley Kazuvo Muramoto, 7 p.m., \$20.
- Pachamama Restaurant: 1630 Powell, San Francisco. "Cafe LatinoAmericano," 8 p.m., \$5.

BLUES

- Biscuits and Blues: 401 Mason, San Francisco. Alvon Johnson, 7:30 & 9:30 p.m., \$15.
- The Saloon: 1232 Grant, San Francisco. Leah Tysse, 9:30 p.m.

SOUL

The Royal Cuckoo: 3202 Mission, San Francisco. Freddie Hughes & Chris Burns, 7:30 p.m., free.

THURSDAY 11/14

ROCK

- Bottom of the Hill: 1233 17th St., San Francisco. 65daysofstatic, Caspian, The World Is a Beautiful Place & I Am No Longer Afraid to Die. 9 p.m.,
- Brick & Mortar Music Hall: 1710 Mission, San Francisco. The Besnard Lakes, Elephant Stone, 9 p.m., \$13-\$15
- S.F. Eagle: 398 12th St., San Francisco, Thursday Nite Live: Titan Ups, Bell Tower, The Hampton Wicks, 9 p.m., \$8.
- Hemlock Tayern: 1131 Polk, San Francisco, Slough Feg. Skeletor, Vulturegeist, 8:30 p.m., \$10.
- The Independent: 628 Divisadero, San Francisco. KMFDM, Chant, 8 p.m., \$28-\$30.
- The Knockout: 3223 Mission, San Francisco, Vaz. Burmese, Donkee, 10 p.m., \$8.
- Thee Parkside: 1600 17th St., San Francisco. Alestorm, Trollfest, Gypsyhawk, Valensorow, 9 p.m., \$20.

DANCE

- 1015 Folsom: 1015 Folsom St., San Francisco, "A Light in the Attic." w/ Phutureprimitive, Unlimited Gravity. Soulular, Bedrockk, Evolutionista, Smash & Grab, 10 p.m., \$5-\$10 advance.
- Audio Discotech: 316 11th St., San Francisco, "Phonic," w/ Felix Cartal, Ron Reeser, more, 9:30 p.m., \$10 advance.
- The Cafe: 2369 Market, San Francisco. "iPan Dulce!," 9 p.m., \$5.
- The Cellar: 685 Sutter, San Francisco. "XO," w/ DJs Astro & Rose, 10 p.m., \$5.
- DNA Lounge: 375 11th St., San Francisco. "8bitSF," w/ Crashfaster, Bit Shifter, Trash80, Unwoman, DJ Doctor Popular, 9 p.m., \$10-\$15.
- Elbo Room: 647 Valencia, San Francisco. "Afrolicious," w/ DJs Pleasuremaker, Señor Oz, and live guests, 9:30 p.m., \$5-\$8.
- Harlot: 46 Minna, San Francisco, "Modular," w/ Uner. JOill, Pedro Arbulu, MFYRS, 9 p.m., \$7-\$10.
- Madrone Art Bar: 500 Divisadero, San Francisco. "Night Fever," 9 p.m., \$5 after 10 p.m.
- Public Works: 161 Erie. San Francisco. "Enigma." w/ Butane, Stephanie, Marija Dunn, Amber Revn. Richard Habib (in the OddJob Loft), 10 p.m., \$10-\$20 advance.
- Ruby Skye: 420 Mason, San Francisco, "Awakening." w/ Danny Avila, Matisse Sadko, 9 p.m., \$20-\$25 advance.

HIP-HOP

- The EndUp: 401 Sixth St., San Francisco. "Cypher," w/ resident DJ Big Von. 10 p.m., \$5-\$10
- Mezzanine: 444 Jessie, San Francisco. A\$AP Ferg, A\$AP Mob, Joey Fatts, Aston Matthews, 100s, DJ Sean G. 9 p.m., \$20.
- Milk Bar: 1840 Haight, San Francisco, Rime Force Most Illin', Fatees, Al Lover, Height with Friends, D.I Brycon, 9 n.m., \$5.
- Skylark Bar: 3089 16th St., San Francisco, "Peaches." w/lady DJs DeeAndroid, Lady Fingaz, That Girl. Umami, Inkfat, and Andre, 10 p.m., free.

ACOUSTIC

Amnesia: 853 Valencia, San Francisco, Ghost & Gale. Lea Pruett, The Shants, 9 p.m., \$7-\$10.

Atlas Cafe: 3049 20th St., San Francisco. Gayle Lynn & The Hired Hands, 8 p.m., free.

- Boom Boom Room: 1601 Fillmore, San Francisco. Whitewater Ramble, Free Peoples, 9:30 p.m.,
- Cafe Du Nord: 2170 Market, San Francisco. The Melodic, Steve Taylor Band, Sophia Knapp, 8:30 p.m., \$12.
- The Lost Church: 65 Capp St., San Francisco. Aireene & The Hobos, Deborah Crooks, 8 p.m., \$10-\$12.
- Pa'ina: 1865 Post St., San Francisco, Ashley Lilinoe. 7 p.m., free.
- Plough & Stars: 116 Clement, San Francisco, Emperor Norton Céilí Band, 9 p.m.
- An Evening with Graham Nash, 8 p.m., \$89.

.1477

- Cafe Claude: 7 Claude, San Francisco. Mad & Eddie Duran Trio, 7:30 p.m., free.
- Le Colonial: 20 Cosmo, San Francisco. Steve Lucky & The Rhumba Bums, 7:30 p.m.
- The Royal Cuckoo: 3202 Mission, San Francisco. Charlie Siebert & Chris Burns, 7:30 p.m., free.
- SFJAZZ Center: 205 Franklin St., San Francisco. "Hotplate," w/ Tiffany Austin (playing Hoagy Carmichael), 8 & 9:30 p.m.
- Top of the Mark: One Nob Hill, 999 California, San Francisco, Stompy Jones, 7:30 p.m., \$10.
- Zingari: 501 Post, San Francisco. Barbara Ochoa, 7:30 p.m., free.



















- Bissap Baobab: 3372 19th St., San Francisco. "Pa'Lante!," w/ Juan G, El Kool Kyle, Mr. Lucky,
- Cafe Cocomo: 650 Indiana, San Francisco. Danilo y Universal, DJ Good Sho, 8 p.m., \$12.
- H Cafe: 3801 17th St., San Francisco. An Evening to Benefit the Duniya Center for Arts & Education, w/ Duniya Dance & Drum Company, Wontanara Revolution, Charlotte Nehm, Vanessa Sanchez, Naila, more, 6 p.m., \$35-\$80.
- Pier 23 Cafe: Pier 23, San Francisco. Armando Compean, 7 p.m., free.
- Sheba Piano Lounge: 1419 Fillmore, San Francisco. Gary Flores & Descarga Caliente, 8 p.m.

BLUES

Biscuits and Blues: 401 Mason, San Francisco. Nick Moss. 7:30 & 9:30 p.m., \$20.

The Saloon: 1232 Grant, San Francisco. Tom Bowers, 4 p.m.; Steve Freund, 9:30 p.m.

EXPERIMENTAL

The Luggage Store: 1007 Market, San Francisco. Capricious Forms Vol. 1, 8 p.m., \$6-\$10.

Yerba Buena Center for the Arts: 701 Mission, San Francisco. San Francisco Contemporary Music Players, 8 p.m., \$12-\$30.

FRIDAY 11/15

ROCK

Bottom of the Hill: 1233 17th St., San Francisco. Meat Puppets. The World Takes, 10 p.m., \$17.

Brick & Mortar Music Hall: 1710 Mission, San Francisco. Golden Void, Hot Lunch, Harsh Toke, 9 p.m.,

DNA Lounge: 375 11th St., San Francisco. Happy Fangs, Night Club, Everyone Is Dirty, Kat Haus, 8 p.m.,

El Rio: 3158 Mission, San Francisco. Friday Live: Down in Front, DJ Emotions, 10 p.m., free.

Hotel Utah: 500 Fourth St., San Francisco, The Bananas, Audacity, Hunters, Caldecott, 9 p.m., \$10-

Milk Bar: 1840 Haight, San Francisco. Part Time, Exrav's, Andy Human, Epicsauce DJs, 9 p.m.,

Rickshaw Stop: 155 Fell, San Francisco, "Heroes and

the Homo Superior: The Parables of Fancy Nancy," w/ First Church of the Sacred Silversexual & Hubba Hubba Revue, 9 p.m., \$13.

Slim's: 333 11th St., San Francisco, Alternative Tentacles 33 1/3 Anniversary Party, w/ Jello Biafra & The Guantanamo School of Medicine, Mojo Nixon, Death Hymn Number 9, Pins of Light., 8 p.m., \$18.

Thee Parkside: 1600 17th St., San Francisco. That Ghost, FayRoy, Sons of Hippies, WAG, 9 p.m., \$8.

DANCE

1015 Folsom: 1015 Folsom St., San Francisco. Rusko, Roni Size, Tonn Piper, Dynamite MC, Havoc, Ivrv. Nebakaneza, Mr. Kitt, Johnny5, Danny Weird, Miss Haze, DJ Dials, Javs One, Audio-Troma, White Mike, Ryury., 10 p.m., \$25 advance.

Audio Discotech: 316 11th St., San Francisco, Alex Sibley, Eelrack, Festiva, 9:30 p.m., \$10 advance.

Cat Club: 1190 Folsom, San Francisco, "The Witching Hour," w/ DJs Sage, Daniel Skellington, Joe Radio, and Nickie. 9:30 n.m., \$7 (\$3 hefore 10 n.m.).

The Chapel: 777 Valencia St., San Francisco. DJ Assault, Double Duchess, BadboE, Rapid Fire, 10 p.m., \$10-\$15.

DNA Lounge: 375 11th St., San Francisco. "So Stoked 13," w/ Daniel Kandi, Ravine, Jimini Cricket, more, 7 p.m., \$15-\$25.

The EndUp: 401 Sixth St., San Francisco, "Fever." 10 p.m., free before midnight.

Lookout: 3600 16th St., San Francisco. "HYSL," 9 p.m., \$3.

Madrone Art Bar: 500 Divisadero, San Francisco. "That '80s Show." w/ DJs Dave Paul & Jeff Harris. Third Friday of every month, 9 p.m., \$5.

Mezzanine: 444 Jessie, San Francisco, "Fools in the Night." w/ Ladvhawke (DJ set), American Rovalty, Blackbird Blackbird, Aaron Axelsen, 9 p.m.,

Mighty: 119 Utah, San Francisco. "Masters at Work," w/ Kenny Dope & Louie Vega, 9 p.m., \$20-\$50.

Public Works: 161 Erie, San Francisco. "Odyssey," w/ Rick Preston, Robin Simmons, Trevor Sigler (in the

OddJob Loft), 9:30 p.m., \$10.

Ruby Skye: 420 Mason, San Francisco, Arnei, Bobina. Dirtyhertz, 9 p.m., \$20 advance.

Sub-Mission Art Space (Balazo 18 Gallery): 2183 Mission, San Francisco. "Deathrock Night Terrors," w/ The Frozen Autumn, V.E.X., Red Light, plus DJs Le Perv, Necromos, and Burning Skies, 8:30 p.m., \$12-\$15.

Temple: 540 Howard, San Francisco. "Refresh," w/ Pedro Arbulu, Chemical Ali, David Gregory, DJ Tone, DJ Von. 10 p.m., \$15.

Vessel: 85 Campton, San Francisco. Dirty South, 10 p.m.

HIP-HOP

The Independent: 628 Divisadero, San Francisco. Big Freedia, 9 n.m., \$20.

John Colins: 138 Minna, San Francisco, "Juicy." w/ DJ Ry Toast, Third Friday of every month, 10 p.m., \$5 (free before 11 p.m.).

Showdown: 10 Sixth St., San Francisco, BPos, Mo Classics, Monk McNizzle, 9 p.m., free.

Yoshi's San Francisco: 1330 Fillmore, San Francisco. Sir Mix-A-Lot, 10:30 p.m., \$18-\$22.

ACOUSTIC

Amnesia: 853 Valencia, San Francisco. SnowApple, 7 p.m.

Bazaar Cafe: 5927 California, San Francisco. The Canon Band, 7 p.m.

Cafe Du Nord: 2170 Market, San Francisco, Megan Slankard, Tom Freund, Wafflebarrel, 9 p.m., \$15.

Plough & Stars: 116 Clement, San Francisco, "Bluegrass Bonanza." w/ Travers Chandler & Avery County. Belle Monroe & Her Brewglass Boys, 9 p.m., \$6-

Red Poppy Art House: 2698 Folsom, San Francisco. Amy LaCour with Ross Hammond, 7:30 p.m., \$10-

Yoshi's San Francisco: 1330 Fillmore, San Francisco. An Evening with Mason Jennings, 8 p.m., \$29.



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TOP-40, HIP-HOP, & PARTY ROCK GUEST LIST FREE UNTIL

MIDNIGHT

\$150 BOTTLES OF GREY GOOSE

SATURDAY NOV 16TH ESSENTIAL NIGHTLIFE PRESENTS

LAS VEGAS #1 FEMALE DJ

"DJ TINA T"

тор-40, нір-нор, PARTY ROCK AND EDM **GUEST LIST IS FREE UNTIL 11:00PM** \$200 BOTTLES OF GREY GOOSE

Bottle Service | Birthdays | Private Events

415.775.5110 theparlorsf.com for calendar of events and information **CONCERTS CONT'D**

SUNDAY 11/17

Bay Area Rainbow Symphony: 4 p.m., \$15-\$35. St. Mark's Lutheran Church, 1111 O'Farrell, San Francisco.

Beats Antique: W/ Alam Khan, 8 p.m., \$27.50-\$39.50 advance. The Fillmore, 1805 Geary, San Francisco.

Rhys Chatham: A Secret Rose: With an orchestra of 100 electric guitars, 7 p.m., \$10-\$75 advance. Craneway Pavilion, 1414 Harbour Way S. Richmond.

Chvrches: 7:30 p.m., \$25. Fox Theater - Oakland, 1807 Telegraph, Oakland First Annual San Francisco International Boogie

Woogie Festival: W/ Bob Seeley, Carl Sonny Leyland, Silvan Zingg, Lluis Coloma, Wendy DeWitt, 4 p.m., \$20-\$50. SFJAZZ Center, 205 Franklin St., San Francisco.

GenRvu Arts' Annual Concert: Seijin no Hi / Coming of Age: 1 p.m., \$17-\$25. Japanese Cultural and Community Center of Northern California, 1840 Sutter, San Francisco.

Lupe Fiasco: W/ Stalley. The Boy Illinois, 8 p.m., \$39.50-\$49.50. Warfield Theatre, 982 Market, San Francisco.

S.F. Opera: The Barber of Seville (Il Barbiere di Siviglia): 2 p.m., \$23-\$357, War Memorial Opera House, 301 Van Ness, San Francisco.

MONDAY 11/18

Anthony Green: W/ Dave Davison, Brick & Mortar. 7:30 p.m., \$16. Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell, San Francisco.

Jessie Ware: W/ The Invisible, 8 p.m., \$25-\$35. The Fillmore, 1805 Geary, San Francisco.

TUESDAY 11/19

The Concert for Kids: Benefit for the UCSF Benioff Children's Hospital and the Children's Hospital & Research Center Oakland with live music by Green Day, 6:30 p.m., \$250+. AT&T Park (Giants' Ballpark), 24 Willie Mays Plaza, San Francisco.

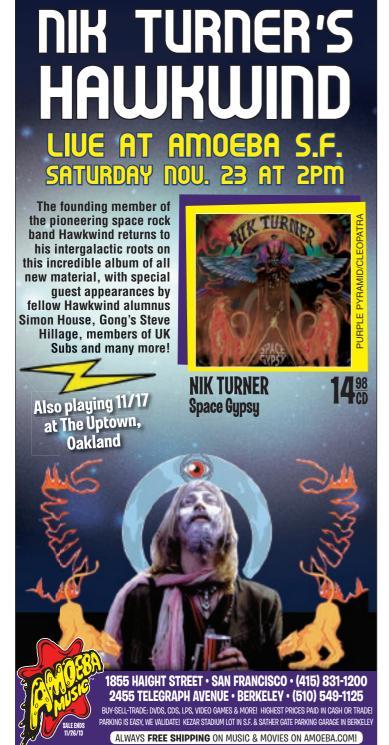
Drake: W/ Miguel, Future, 7 p.m., \$47.50-\$95 advance. Oracle Arena, 7000 Coliseum, Oakland.

Over the Rhine: W/ Noah Gunderson, 8 p.m., \$25. Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell, San Francisco.

S.F. Opera: The Barber of Seville (Il Barbiere di Siviglia): 8 p.m., \$23-\$357. War Memorial Opera House, 301 Van Ness, San Francisco.

CLASSICAL CONCERTS

BluePrint: And Then I Remember: Sat., Nov. 16, 8 p.m., \$15-\$20, San Francisco Conservatory of Music, 50 Oak, San Francisco.



JAZZ

Cafe Claude: 7 Claude, San Francisco, Nick Rossi Trio.

City College: 50 Phelan, San Francisco, The Cartoon Jazz Band, 7:30 p.m., free.

Jazz Bistro At Les Joulins: 44 Ellis, San Francisco. Charles Unger Experience, 7:30 p.m., free.

Savanna Jazz Club: 2937 Mission, San Francisco. Jim Butler Group, 7:30 p.m., \$8.

SFJAZZ Center: 205 Franklin St., San Francisco. Pamela Rose & Wavne De La Cruz, 7 & 8:30 p.m.,

Sheba Piano Lounge: 1419 Fillmore, San Francisco. Sam Caddy Quintet, 9 p.m.

Top of the Mark: One Nob Hill, 999 California, San Francisco, Black Market Jazz Orchestra, 9 p.m.,

INTERNATIONAL

Cafe Cocomo: 650 Indiana, San Francisco. Taste Fridays, featuring local cuisine tastings, salsa bands, dance lessons, and more, 7:30 p.m., \$15 (free entry to patio).

Cigar Bar & Grill: 850 Montgomery, San Francisco. Orquesta La Clave, 8 p.m.

Pier 23 Cafe: Pier 23. San Francisco. Armando Com-

Public Works: 161 Erie, San Francisco, Afrolicious Band. J-Boogie, 10 p.m., \$10.

KREATOR

 $With \, overkill. \, 8 \, p.m. \, Thursday, Nov. \, {\bf 14}, at$ the Fillmore. \$25; livenation.com.

As spoiled as the Bay Area might be as a historic epicenter for thrash metal, local headbangers will be hard-pressed to deny the quality of the two veteran bands bringing their tandem Legends of Thrash 2013 Tour to the Fillmore Thursday night. Along with Anthrax, influential New Jersey stalwart Overkill has been representing East Coast thrash for more than three decades. Still anchored by founding singer and legendary wailer Bobby "Blitz" Elsworth and bassist D.D. Verni, the group has enjoyed a renaissance over the last decade with such acclaimed efforts as Ironbound and last year's The Electric Age. The co-headlining German metal maestros of Kreator offer up guitarist Mille Petrozza's complex Teutonic take on neck-snapping sounds, playing songs from classic albums like Pleasure to Kill and Coma of Souls alongside tracks from their latest, Phantom Antichrist. L.A. thrash revivalist Warbringer opens the show. Dave Pehling



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plus **POPGANG DJS**

THUR Afro-Tropi-Electric-Samba-Funk

11/14 AFROLICIOUS \$5 B4 10:30PM with DJs/Hosts \$8 After **PLEASUREMAKER**

& SENOR OZ

and resident percussionists

FRI Farshot Entertainment presents

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DUB MISSION

11/17 presents the best in dub, roots 9:30PM reggae & dancehall with

DJ SEP VINNIE ESPARZA and special guest

ROGER MAS

(El Superritmo/KALX/Discos Unicornio)

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ATTEMPTING

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TUE BWAX Fat Tuesdays presents

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all-nite Forro party with residents: LUCIO K, CARIOCA and MC P-SHOT and special live guests

WED *Elbo Room presents*

ROCKET QUEENS

(Guns N Roses tribute) and **BROFX** (NOFX tribute)

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EXTRA CLASSIC

TUE, NOV 26 MONSTER MAGNET ROYAL THUNDER, ANTI-MORTEM

WED, NOV 27 THE LIMOUSINES MONA DRESSES

FRI, NOV 29 BLASTHAUS PRESENTS JON HOPKINS

TEA LEAF GREEN

CLARK NATHAN FAKE

SAT, NOV 30

SUN, DEC 1 SPECIAL SOLO PERFORMANCES: TREVOR HALL & NAHKO **DUSTIN THOMAS**

THE DEC!

GROUNDATION PURE ROOTS

THE LONG WINTERS

BOOM BOOM ROOM PRESENTS DRAGON SMOKE

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WED II/I3 7PM \$12 ADV & DOOR

JAMES MOSELEY BAND WITH NICK LOPEZ

THUR II/I4 7PM \$17 ADV / \$22 DOOR

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SAT II/I6 & SUN II/I7 7PM \$25 ADV / \$30 DOOR

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STU ALLEN. ROBIN SYLVESTER. **JAY LANE** AND SPECIAL GUEST SHANA MORRISON

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BESO NEGRO WITH THIS OLD EARTHQUAKE

SAT II/23 8PM \$22 ADV & DOOR

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REGGAE

Elbo Room: 647 Valencia, San Francisco. "The Social," w/ Native Elements, Jah Yzer, 10 p.m., \$10.

RIUFS

Biscuits and Blues: 401 Mason, San Francisco, Kevin Selfe & The Tornadoes, 7:30 & 10 p.m., \$20.

The Saloon: 1232 Grant, San Francisco, West Coast Blues Revue, 4 p.m.; Cathy Lemons, 9:30 p.m.

FUNK

Dolores Park Cafe: 501 Dolores, San Francisco. Shake It! Booty Band, 7:30 p.m.



EMPEROR NORTON CÉILÍ BAND FRIDAY 11/15

SHELBY ASH PRESENTS TRAVERS CHANDLER & AVERY COUNTY + BELLE MONROE & HER BREWGRASS BOYS

SATURDAY 11/16

FP RFI FASE SHOW JOHN HAESEMEYER + JEFF HAYWARD + RONDRE

SUNDAY 11/17

SEISIÚN DARCY NOONAN, RICHARD MANDEL **JACK GILDER & FRIENDS** AT 7PM: THE HAT STRETCHERS

MONDAY 11/18

HAPPY HOUR ALL DAY **FREE POOL**

TUESDAY 11/19

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TROLLFEST • GYPSYHAWK

VALENSOROW

9PM • FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH • \$8

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FOG OF WAR NEKROFILTH • BURNING MONK • TOMES

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UPCOMING SHOWS

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RAGE AGAINST FLORENCE AND THE MACHINE - A. TOM COLLINS, THE ARABS, MANZANITA FALLS 1/29

theeparkside.com 1600 17th Street • 415-252-1330 Make-Out Room: 3225 22nd St., San Francisco. "Loose Joints." w/ DJs Centipede, Damon Bell, & Tom Thump, 10 p.m., \$5.

SOUL

Edinburgh Castle: 950 Geary, San Francisco. "Soul Crush." w/ DJ Serious Leisure, 10 p.m., free.

The Knockout: 3223 Mission, San Francisco, "Oldies Night," W/ DJs Primo, Daniel, Lost Cat, and friends, Third Friday of every month, 10 p.m., \$5.

SATURDAY 11/16

ROCK

Bender's: 806 S. Van Ness, San Francisco, Moses, Hornss, 10 p.m., \$5

Bottom of the Hill: 1233 17th St., San Francisco. Quasi, Blues Control, Street Eaters, 9:30 p.m.,

Brick & Mortar Music Hall: 1710 Mission, San Francisco. Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin, Army Navy, 9 p.m., \$12-\$15.

Cafe Du Nord: 2170 Market, San Francisco. San Francisco Food Bank Benefit with Tommy Guerrero & Friends, Fl Diablitos, D.J Romanowski, 9:30 n.m., \$10-\$15

The Chapel: 777 Valencia St., San Francisco. Cellar Doors, 9 n.m., \$12.

El Rio: 3158 Mission, San Francisco. Benefit for Family Dog Rescue with The Shams, The Next, The Unfortunate Bastard, Psychokitty, 9 p.m.

Hemlock Tayern: 1131 Polk, San Francisco, Guantanamo Baywatch, Death Hymn Number 9, Buffalo Tooth, Pookie & The Poodlez, 8:30 p.m., \$7.

Hotel Utah: 500 Fourth St., San Francisco. "Rocket

DRINK SOMETHING

TUESDAY

HAPPY HOUR

TUES, WEDS & THURS | 4-9PM

HAPPY HOUR

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GrmIn, 9 p.m., \$17.

w/ Jiaaxxnn & Duke. Third Saturday of every month. 9 p.m., \$7. Audio Discotech: 316 11th St., San Francisco, Miguel

Ship!," w/ Starr Saunders, The Coffis Brothers,

Exhausted Pipes, Katie Ekin, 9 p.m., \$8-\$12.

Zorch, Sister Cravon, Creepers, 9 p.m., \$15.

Rickshaw Stop: 155 Fell, San Francisco. Tera Melos,

Slim's: 333 11th St., San Francisco, Born Ruffians,

Thee Parkside: 1600 17th St., San Francisco, Fog of

War, Nekrofilth, Burning Monk, Tomes, 9:30 p.m., \$8.

Migs, Andrew Phelan, 9:30 p.m., \$10 advance. Balancoire: 2565 Mission St., San Francisco, "Play It Cool," w/ Boogie Nite, Avalon Emerson, Derek Opperman, Guillaume Galuz, Matthew Favorites,

9 p.m., \$5. BeatBox: 314 11th St., San Francisco. "I Just Wanna F*ckin Dance," w/ DJs Hector Fonseca & Chi Chi LaRue, 10 p.m., \$15-\$25.

Cat Club: 1190 Folsom, San Francisco. "New Wave City: Duran Duran Video Night," w/ DJs Shindog, Andy T. B.A.D. Reputation, and Girl Panic, 9 p.m., \$7-

DNA Lounge: 375 11th St., San Francisco. "Bootie S.F.," w/ DJ Tripp, Entyme, Meikee Magnetic, Mixtress Shizaam, Donstrot, MyKill, Hubba Hubba Revue. more, 9 p.m., \$10-\$15.

F8: 1192 Folsom St., San Francisco, "Hegemoney," w/ Mr. Carmack, Insightful, Mikos Da Gawd, Bobby Peru. Starter Kit. 9 n.m., \$10-\$15.

Madrone Art Bar: 500 Divisadero, San Francisco. "Fringe." w/ DJs Blondie K & subOctave. Third Saturday of every month, 9 p.m., \$5 (free before 10 p.m.).

Mighty: 119 Utah, San Francisco, "Mighty Real," w/ Tiga, Bells & Whistles, David Harness, 10 p.m., \$15 advance.

Monarch: 101 6th St., San Francisco, "Lights Down Low," w/ MK, Richie Panic, Sleazemore, MPHD, 10 p.m., \$15-\$20

Project One: 251 Rhode Island, San Francisco, "Familia vs. Friends and Family." w/ Lee Coombs. Fthan Miller. Ding Dong, Tamo, Nugz, 9 p.m., \$10-\$15 advance.

Public Works: 161 Erie, San Francisco, "Isis," w/ PBR Streetgang, Mountaincount (in the OddJob Loft). 9:30 p.m., \$10-\$15.

Ruby Skye: 420 Mason, San Francisco. "World Town," w/ Deorro, Trevor Simpson, 9 n.m., \$20 advance.

Slide: 430 Mason, San Francisco. "Luminous," w/ DJ Zhaldee, Third Saturday of every month, 9 p.m.

Supperclub San Francisco: 657 Harrison, San Francisco. "Scorpio's Ball," w/ El Papa Chango, Smasheltooth, Jocelyn, Portal, 9 p.m., \$10-\$20.

Vessel: 85 Campton, San Francisco. Tall Sasha, 10 p.m., \$10-\$30.

HIP-HOP

111 Minna Gallery: 111 Minna St., San Francisco, "Shine," Third Saturday of every month, 10 p.m.

John Colins: 138 Minna San Francisco "The Rumn" w/ The Whooligan, Third Saturday of every month. 10 n.m., free.

The Knockout: 3223 Mission, San Francisco. "The Booty Bassment," w/ DJs Dimitri Dickinson & Rvan Poulsen, Third Saturday of every month, 10 p.m., \$5.

Mezzanine: 444 Jessie, San Francisco, Snawnhreezie. BigBody Cisco, Drew Deezy, 9 p.m., \$20.

Showdown: 10 Sixth St., San Francisco, "Purple," w/ resident DJs ChaunceyCC & Party Pablo, Third Saturday of every month, 10 p.m.

ACOUSTIC

Amoeba Music: 1855 Haight, San Francisco. Mason

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Jennings, 3 p.m., free.

Bazaar Cafe: 5927 California, San Francisco. Paul Griffiths, 7 p.m.

The Independent: 628 Divisadero, San Francisco. Vienna Teng, 6 & 9 p.m., \$25.

The Lost Church: 65 Capp St., San Francisco. North Home, Jean Marie, 8 p.m., \$10.

Plough & Stars: 116 Clement, San Francisco. John Haesemeyer, Jeff Hayward, RonDre., 8 p.m., \$6.

The Riptide: 3639 Taraval, San Francisco. Chris James & The Showdowns, 9:30 p.m., free.

St. Cyprian's Episcopal Church: 2097 Turk, San Francisco, A Musical Tribute & Celebration of the Life & Songs of Phil Ochs, featuring Sonny Ochs, Kim & Reggie Harris, Carolyn Hester, James Lee Stanley. and Aileen Vance, 8 p.m., \$17-\$20.

Tupelo: 1337 Green St., San Francisco, Shantytown, 9 p.m

Yoshi's San Francisco: 1330 Fillmore, San Francisco. An Evening with Mason Jennings, 8 & 10 p.m., \$24-\$29.

Cafe Claude: 7 Claude, San Francisco. The Monroe Trio. 7:30 p.m., free.

Jazz Bistro At Les Joulins: 44 Ellis, San Francisco. Bill "Doc" Webster & Jazz Nostalgia, 7:30 p.m., free.

The Royal Cuckoo: 3202 Mission, San Francisco, Jules Broussard, Danny Armstrong, and Chris Siebert, 7:30 p.m., free.

Savanna Jazz Club: 2937 Mission, San Francisco. Lily Alunan, 7:30 p.m., \$10.

SFJAZZ Center: 205 Franklin St., San Francisco. Wesla Whitfield, 7 & 8:30 p.m., \$30.

Sheba Piano Lounge: 1419 Fillmore, San Francisco. The Robert Stewart Experience, 9 p.m.

Zingari: 501 Post, San Francisco. Brenda Reed, 8 p.m., free.

INTERNATIONAL

1015 Folsom: 1015 Folsom St., San Francisco. "Pura," 9 p.m., \$20.

Cafe Cocomo: 650 Indiana, San Francisco. Peruvian Salsa Showdown, w/ Pepe v Su Orquesta vs. Julio





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VIENNA TENG

6:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Saturday, Nov. 16, at the Independent.

In 2010, after Bay Area-bred songster Vienna Teng had established herself

with four albums of somber, sumptuously layered, piano-driven panoramas

cemberists — she walked away for a graduate degree in environmental stud-

given the status of that city, that it would be a bleak opus — but one would be

wrong. Like a true artist, Teng finds beauty in spite of a difficult reality. "The

Hymn of Acxiom" is one of the loveliest songs you'll hear this year: Imagine

— think The Civil Wars and Tori Amos with overtones of Hazards-era De-

ies and business at the University of Michigan. Settled in Detroit, Teng

returns to music with her first set in four years, Aims. One might assume,

\$25 (6:30 show sold out); theindependentsf.com.

the Cocteau Twins doing a J.S. Bach motet. Mark Keresman

Bravo v Su Orguesta Salsabor, 8 p.m., \$15.

Cigar Bar & Grill: 850 Montgomery, San Francisco. Conjunto Picante, 8 p.m.

Make-Out Room: 3225 22nd St., San Francisco. "El SuperRitmo," w/ D.Is Roger Mas & Fl Kool Kyle. 10 p.m., \$5.

Public Works: 161 Erie, San Francisco. "Non Stop Bhangra," w/ Jimmy Love, Rav-E, Pavit, Mehul, Dholrhythms dance troupe, more (in the main room), 9 p.m., \$10-\$15.

Red Poppy Art House: 2698 Folsom, San Francisco. Makrú, 7:30 p.m., \$10-\$15.

Roccapulco Supper Club: 3140 Mission, San Francisco. Farruko, 8 p.m., \$40 advance.

BLUES

Biscuits and Blues: 401 Mason, San Francisco, Paula Harris, 7:30 & 10 p.m., \$20.

Pier 23 Cafe: Pier 23, San Francisco. Bobbie Webb,

The Saloon: 1232 Grant, San Francisco, Tony Perez & Second Hand Smoke, Third Saturday of every month, 4 p.m.: Nick Gravenites, 9:30 p.m.

EXPERIMENTAL

Columbarium: One Loraine Court, San Francisco. Luciano Chessa: Lightest, 6 p.m., free

FUNK

Boom Boom Room: 1601 Fillmore, San Francisco. Polyrhythmics, Ideateam, 9:30 p.m., \$10-\$15.

SOUL

Elbo Room: 647 Valencia, San Francisco. "Saturday Night Soul Party." w/ DJs Lucky, Phengren Oswald. and Paul Paul, Third Saturday of every month, 10 p.m., \$10 (\$5 in formal attire).

SUNDAY 11/17

ROCK

Bottom of the Hill: 1233 17th St., San Francisco. The Grannies, Winter Teeth, Bar Fight, 7 p.m., \$10. Cafe Du Nord: 2170 Market, San Francisco, Grant Farm, Emily Yates, Misisipi Mike Wolf, 8 p.m., \$12. Hemlock Tavern: 1131 Polk, San Francisco. Pop. 1280, 8:30 p.m., \$7.

The Independent: 628 Divisadero, San Francisco. Anna Calvi. 8 p.m., \$20.

Milk Bar: 1840 Haight, San Francisco. Corners, Froth, Adult Books, Bicycle Day, 8 p.m., \$5.

Neck of the Woods: 406 Clement St., San Francisco. Cadaver Dogs, MoonFox, A Happy Death, 8 p.m.,

Rickshaw Stop: 155 Fell, San Francisco, White Lung. Antwon, Tony Molina, 7 p.m., \$10-\$12.

Slim's: 333 11th St., San Francisco. Tonight Alive, The Downtown Fiction, For the Foxes, Echosmith, 7 p.m., \$14.

BeatBox: 314 11th St., San Francisco, "Tea-Rex," w/ DJ Corey Craig, 4-8 p.m., \$5-\$10.

Elbo Room: 647 Valencia, San Francisco. "Dub Mission," w/ Roger Mas, DJ Sep, Vinnie Esparza, 9 p.m., \$6 (free before 9:30 n.m.).

F8: 1192 Folsom St., San Francisco. "Stamina Sundays," w/ DLR & Adept. 10 p.m., free.

The Knockout: 3223 Mission, San Francisco. "Sweater Funk," 10 p.m., free.

Lookout: 3600 16th St., San Francisco. "Jock," Sundays, 3-8 p.m., \$2.

Monarch: 101 6th St., San Francisco. "Reload," 9:30 p.m., \$5; "Reload," 9:30 p.m., \$5.

Q Bar: 456 Castro, San Francisco. "Gigante," 8 p.m., free.

HIP-HOP

DANCE









Dod Morrison Photography

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES 33 1/3 ANNIVERSARY PARTY

With Guantanamo School of Medicine, Mojo Nixon, Death Hymn #9, and Pins of Light. 8 p.m. Friday, Nov. 15, at Slim's. \$18-\$20; slimspresents.com.

Jello Biafra formed local record label Alternative Tentacles in 1979 to self-release The Dead Kennedys' brazen debut single, "California Über Alles." Thirty-three years later, he's the sole owner of Alternative Tentacles, making it the longest running, continuously operated independent label in the country with more than 450 releases. To commemorate the milestone, the ever-indignant Biafra's newest policy-protesting outfit, Guantanamo School of Medicine, will headline a bill of Alternative Tentacles artists Mojo Nixon, Death Hymn #9, and Pins of Light. Texan activist and cow-punk musician Nixon's appearance is especially rare, as is the promised live collaboration with Biafra to perform material from their satirical Prairie Home Invasion release — a reminder that Biafra's three decades of rigorous independence is paralleled by an unwavering sense of humor. $\textbf{\textit{Sam Lefebvre}}$

Boom Boom Room: 1601 Fillmore, San Francisco. "Return of the Cypher," 9:30 p.m., free.

Brick & Mortar Music Hall: 1710 Mission, San Francisco. Chuck Inglish, Kings Dead, Sayknowledge, Young Gully, Nick Jame\$, Symba, 9 p.m., \$12-\$15.

ACOUSTIC

Hotel Utah: 500 Fourth St., San Francisco, Donovan Plant Band, Ian Franklin & Infinite Frequency, Jeff Desira, Ray Vaughn, Benjamin Brown, 8 p.m., \$8-

Plough & Stars: 116 Clement, San Francisco, Seisiún with Darcy Noonan, Richard Mandel, and Jack Gilder, 9 p.m.

Tupelo: 1337 Green St., San Francisco. The West Nile Ramblers, 9 p.m.

JAZZ

Biscuits and Blues: 401 Mason, San Francisco. Macy Blackman, 7:30 & 9:30 p.m., \$15.

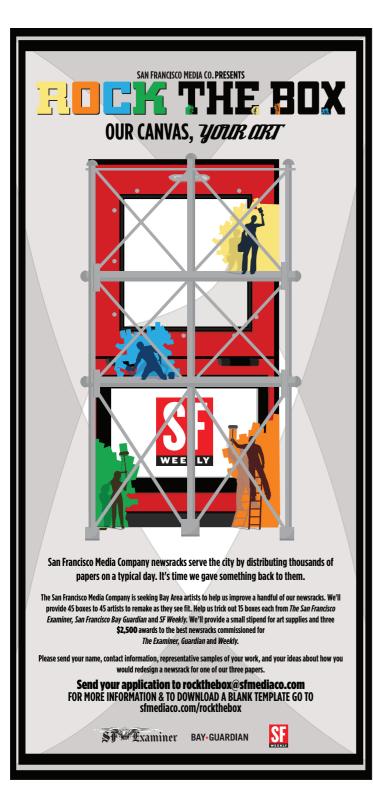
Chez Hanny: 1300 Silver, San Francisco. Scott Amendola Quartet, 4 p.m., \$20 suggested donation.

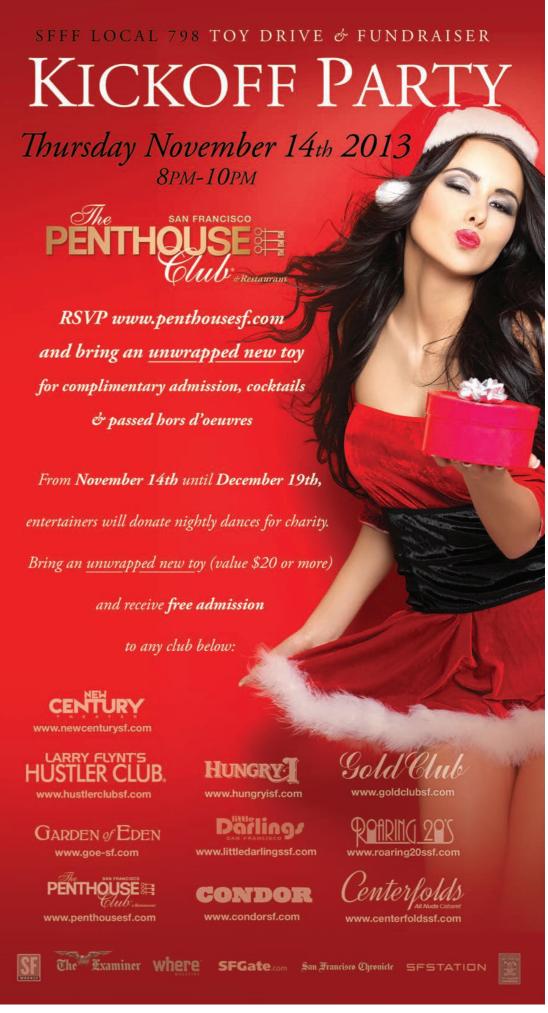
Jazz Bistro At Les Joulins: 44 Ellis, San Francisco. Bill "Doc" Webster & Jazz Nostalgia, 7:30 p.m.,

The Rintide: 3639 Taraval, San Francisco, The Cottontails, Third Sunday of every month, 7:30 p.m.,

The Royal Cuckoo: 3202 Mission, San Francisco. Lavay Smith & Chris Siebert, 7:30 p.m., free.

SFJAZZ Center: 205 Franklin St., San Francisco. Jackie Rvan. 5:30 & 7 p.m., \$20.













Zingari: 501 Post, San Francisco. Amanda Addleman, 7:30 p.m., free.

INTERNATIONAL

Atmosphere: 447 Broadway, San Francisco. "Hot Bachata Nights," w/ DJ El Guapo, 5:30 p.m., \$10 (\$18-\$25 with dance lessons).

Old First Presbyterian Church: 1751 Sacramento. San Francisco. Shoko Hikage with Thomas Schultz & Narae Kwon, 4 p.m., \$14-\$17.

Thirsty Bear Brewing Company: 661 Howard, San Francisco. "The Flamenco Room," 7:30 &

REGGAE

Mezzanine: 444 Jessie, San Francisco. Shaggy, Rayvon, Thrive, DJ Green B, 9 p.m., \$25.

Pa'ina: 1865 Post St., San Francisco. Siaosi, Kiwini Vaitai, Jasmine Lee, 7 n.m., \$10.

BLUES

Amnesia: 853 Valencia, San Francisco. HowellDevine, Third Sunday of every month, 8:30 p.m., \$7-\$10.

Lou's Fish Shack: 300 Jefferson St., San Francisco. Nat Bolden, 4 n.m.

The Saloon: 1232 Grant, San Francisco. Blues Power, 4 p.m.: Silvia C. 9:30 p.m.

Swig: 571 Geary, San Francisco. Sunday Blues Jam with Ed Ivey, 9 p.m.

EXPERIMENTAL

El Rio: 3158 Mission, San Francisco, Marielle Jakobsons. Tecumseh, Names, 8 p.m., \$7.

The Lab: 2948 16th St., San Francisco. "Godwaffle Noise Pancakes." w/ Medicine Cabinet, Dictionary of Ghosts, Beast Nest, Rent Romus, Moo Kau, noon, \$5-\$10.

Musicians Union Local 6: 116 Ninth St., San Francisco. The Reckoning Quartet, Skullkrusher, 7:30 p.m., \$8-\$10.

MONDAY 11/18

ROCK

Brick & Mortar Music Hall: 1710 Mission, San Francisco. Social Studies, Foli, The Tropics, 9 p.m., \$6.

The Chapel: 777 Valencia St., San Francisco. Nightlands, 8 p.m., \$12.

Slim's: 333 11th St., San Francisco. Wire, Chastity Belt, 8 p.m., \$25.

DANCE

DNA Lounge: 375 11th St., San Francisco. "Death Guild," 18+ dance party with DJs Decay, Joe Radio, Melting Girl, & guests, 9:30 p.m., \$3-\$5.

Q Bar: 456 Castro, San Francisco. "Wanted," w/ DJs Key&Kite and Richie Panic, 9 p.m., free.

Underground SF: 424 Haight, San Francisco. "Vienetta Discothegue," w/ DJs Stanley Frank and Robert Jeffrey, 10 p.m., free.

HIP-HOP

Elbo Room: 647 Valencia, San Francisco, Travaille. Ickymack, Cozmost, 9 p.m.

ACOUSTIC

Bazaar Cafe: 5927 California, San Francisco, West Coast Songwriters Competition, 7 p.m.

Cafe Du Nord: 2170 Market, San Francisco, Lindi Ortega, Brett Detar, 8:30 p.m., \$12.

Hotel Utah: 500 Fourth St., San Francisco. Open mic

with Brendan Getzell, 8 p.m., free.

Make-Out Room: 3225 22nd St., San Francisco, "Sad Bastard Club," Third Monday of every month, 7:30 p.m., free

The Saloon: 1232 Grant, San Francisco. Peter Lindman, 4 p.m.

JAZZ

Le Colonial: 20 Cosmo, San Francisco. Le Jazz Hot, 7 p.m., free.

Sheba Piano Lounge: 1419 Fillmore, San Francisco. City Jazz Instrumental Jam Session, 8 n.m.

The Union Room at Biscuits and Blues: 401 Mason, San Francisco, The Session: A Monday Night Jazz Series, pro jazz jam with Mike Olmos, 7:30 p.m., \$12.

Zingari: 501 Post, San Francisco, Nora Maki, 7:30

REGGAE

Skylark Bar: 3089 16th St., San Francisco. "Skylarking," w/ I&I Vibration, 10 p.m., free.

BLUES

Biscuits and Blues: 401 Mason, San Francisco. Craig Horton, 7:30 & 9:30 n.m., \$15.

The Saloon: 1232 Grant, San Francisco, The Bachelors. 9:30 p.m

TUESDAY 11/19

ROCK

Amnesia: 853 Valencia, San Francisco, French Cassettes, Black Cobra Vipers, Eagle, 9:15 p.m., \$7.

Boom Boom Room: 1601 Fillmore, San Francisco. The Bennys, Big Sticky Mess, Glimpse Trio, 9:30 p.m., \$5.

Bottom of the Hill: 1233 17th St., San Francisco, Obits. Rob Crow's Gloomy Place, Pins of Light, 9 p.m., \$12.

Cafe Du Nord: 2170 Market, San Francisco. Ezra Furman, Tristen, Fronds, 8:30 p.m., \$10.

The Chapel: 777 Valencia St., San Francisco. The Reverend Horton Heat, Larry & His Flask, Deke Dickerson, 9 p.m., \$25.

Hotel Utah: 500 Fourth St., San Francisco, The Melismatics, Goldenboy featuring The New Familiar, Laura Leighe, South Hero, 8 p.m., \$8-\$10.

The Knockout: 3223 Mission, San Francisco, Pavoff. Great Apes, Jabber, DJ Jesse Luscious, 9:30 p.m., \$7.

DANCE

Aunt Charlie's Lounge: 133 Turk, San Francisco. "High Fantasy," w/ DJ Viv, Myles Cooper, & guests, 10 p.m., \$2.

Otis: 25 Maiden, San Francisco. "Vibe," w/ Binkadink, Third Tuesday of every month, 6 p.m., free.

Q Bar: 456 Castro, San Francisco. "Switch," w/ DJs Jenna Riot & Andre. 9 n.m., \$3.

Underground SF: 424 Haight, San Francisco. "Shelter," 10 p.m., free.

HIP-HOP

Skylark Bar: 3089 16th St., San Francisco, "True Skool Tuesdays," w/ DJ Ren the Vinyl Archaeologist, 10 n.m., free.

ACOUSTIC

Bazaar Cafe: 5927 California, San Francisco. Andy Padlo, 7 p.m. continues through Nov. 26.

Plough & Stars: 116 Clement, San Francisco. Seisiún with Autumn Rhodes, 9 n.m.

Swedish American Hall: 2174 Market, San Francisco. Moonface, 8 p.m., \$14-\$16.

JAZZ

Blush! Wine Bar: 476 Castro, San Francisco, Kally Price & Rob Reich, 7 p.m., free.

Burritt Room: 417 Stockton St., San Francisco, Terry Disley's Rocking Jazz Trio, 6 p.m., free.

Jazz Bistro At Les Joulins: 44 Ellis, San Francisco. M.B. Hanif & The Sound Voyagers, 7:30 p.m.,

Le Colonial: 20 Cosmo, San Francisco. Lavay Smith & Her Red Hot Skillet Lickers, 7 p.m.

Sheba Piano Lounge: 1419 Fillmore, San Francisco. Michael Parsons, 8 p.m.

Tupelo: 1337 Green St., San Francisco, Mal Sharpe's Big Money in Jazz Band, 6 p.m.

Verdi Club: 2424 Mariposa, San Francisco. "Tuesday Night Jump," w/ Stompy Jones, Carl Sonny Leyland,



9 p.m., \$15.

Zingari: 501 Post, San Francisco. Linda Kosut, 7:30 p.m., free.

INTERNATIONAL

Cafe Cocomo: 650 Indiana, San Francisco, "Descarga S.F.," w/ DJs Hong & Good Sho, 8 p.m., \$12.

Elbo Room: 647 Valencia, San Francisco, "Porreta!." all night forro party with DJs Carioca & Lucio K, Third Tuesday of every month, 9 p.m., \$7.

F8: 1192 Folsom St., San Francisco. "Underground Nomads," w/ rotating resident DJs Amar, Sep, and Dulce Vita, plus guests, 9 p.m., \$5 (free before 9:30 p.m.).

Yoshi's San Francisco: 1330 Fillmore. San Francisco. Jorge Ben Jor, 8 & 10 p.m., \$35-\$55.



Milk Bar: 1840 Haight, San Francisco. "Bless Up," w/ Jah Warrior Shelter Hi-Fi, 10 p.m.

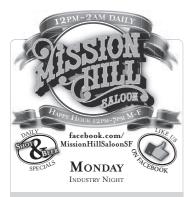
BLUES

Biscuits and Blues: 401 Mason, San Francisco. The Pulsators, 7:30 & 9:30 p.m., \$18.

The Saloon: 1232 Grant, San Francisco. Lisa Kindred, Third Tuesday of every month, 9:30 p.m.

EXPERIMENTAL

Center for New Music: 55 Taylor St., San Francisco. sfSoundSalonSeries, 7:49 p.m., \$7-\$10.



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FRI 11/15 WEST COAST BLUES REVUE (4PM - 8PM) CATHY LEMONS (9:30PM - 1:30AM)

SAT 11/16 TONY PEREZ & 2ND HAND SMOKE (4PM - 8PM) NICK GRAVENITES (9:30PM - 1:30AM)

SUN 11/17 BLUES POWER (4PM - 8PM)

SYLVIA C (9:30PM - 1:30AM)

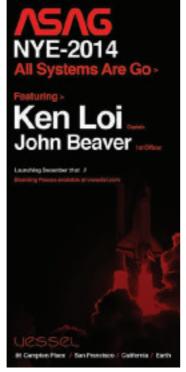
MON 11/18 PETER LINDMAN (4PM - 8PM) THE BACHELORS (9:30PM - 1:30AM)

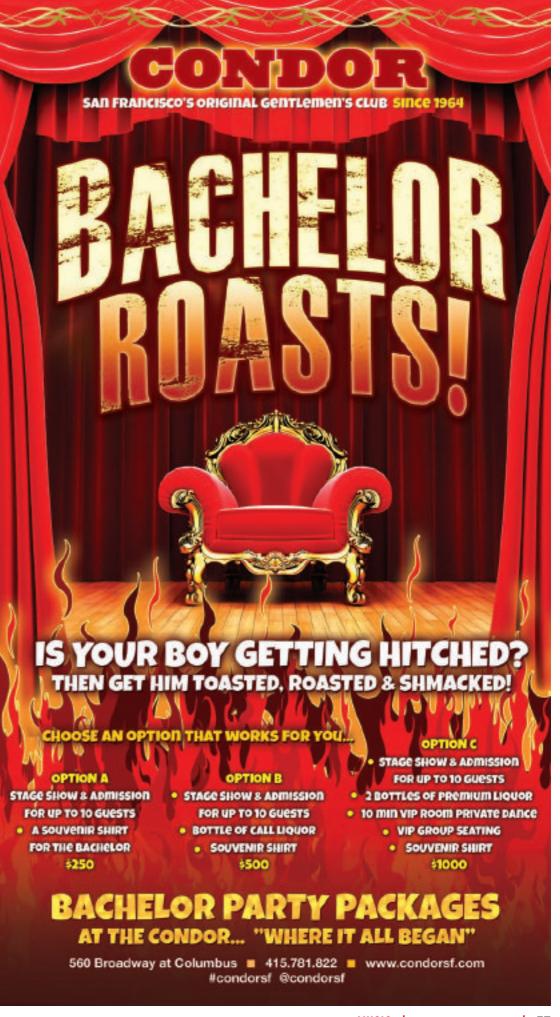
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SAVAGE LOVE SLUTS AND SUCH

By Dan Savage

Why am I such a slut? Girl, Corrupted

Are you a slut?

Or are you a woman who loves sex, has a high libido, and has consensual sex with a lot of willing and grateful partners? Those are all traits for which culture wouldn't conspire to leave you feeling conflicted or compelled to slap a pejorative label on yourself — if you were a dude, gay or straight.

Don't buy into the sexist double standards, GC. So long as your sex life isn't negatively impacting your relationship(s), your health, your friendships, your family life, your classwork, or your career, GC, you aren't doing anything wrong. Don't let shitty, sexist people make you feel like you have to slap a shitty, sexist label on yourself for the crime of enjoying sex while female.

Have fun out there, GC, be thoughtful, be safe, be considerate of the feelings of others and of your own. And remember: What works for you now - slutting around in the sex-positive/reclaiming-the-shit-out-of-that-word sense, i.e., a lot of healthy and rewarding sex, a lot of happy sex partners — may not work for you always. Don't look back on this part of your life with shame or regret if or when you elect to downsize your sex life, i.e., less sex, fewer sex partners/a lot of sex, one sex partner. Do what's right for you, eliminate the risks that can be eliminated, mitigate the risks that can't be eliminated, and don't worry about what other people think.

I am a 24-year-old gay man living in a major urban center. My question has to do with etiquette. One of my very good friends — I'll call him Jerry — helped me out of a huge jam last summer. I received notice that I had to vacate my apartment while I was overseas, and Jerry volunteered to pack up my stuff and put it into storage. Needless to say, I am extremely grateful, as Jerry has saved me a huge amount of money and hassle. Recently, though, I was house-sitting for Jerry while he was on vacation, and I found some intimate items of mine — a cock ring and a bottle of lube — that I thought had been lost in the move. In the interest of full disclosure, me and Jerry have fooled around before, but I find the fact that he took these items very strange, and I don't really know what to do. Do I confront Jerry about the items, or just leave them as "payment" for helping me move? Or should I just take them back without saying anything and let him figure it out?

Unsure In Canada

P.S. Your work is one of the big reasons I was able to come out to my friends and family in eighth grade. I just wanted to thank you.

Two gay men living in the same city — two gay men with similar sexual interests (including an interest in each other) — could wind up owning two identical bottles of lube and a pair of identical cock rings. It's unlikely, of course, and it's even less likely that Jerry owns the exact same lube and cock ring as the lube and cock ring of yours that went missing when Jerry packed your place up. But seeing as Jerry helped you out of a jam, UIC, you should repay his kindness by either giving him the benefit of the doubt or turning a blind eye to what amounts to a little harmless perving. Lube isn't that expensive, and

that cock ring wasn't from Tiffany's — or was it? — so replacing them isn't going to ruin you.

P.S. Thanks for the very sweet postscript! P.P.S. Assuming Jerry didn't leave your intimate items out in plain view, UIC, that means you snooped. If you have the kind of friendship with Jerry where you can confront him about his theft, admit to your snooping, and have a laugh about it — and maybe put the lube and cock ring to good use — leave him a cheeky note in the drawer where you found your intimate items: "I see you like my cock ring. Let me know if you want to see me in it."

I've been reading your column for years, and I feel like I should know your answer by now, but I'm stumped. I'm a man. Recently I discovered Omegle, the online chat site that allows you to "talk to strangers," and I've had some fun posing as a lesbian. I would talk to women my own age (mid-20s) about life, love, and, of course, sex. Many times, like 99 percent of the time, these chats included role play or sexy chat. We would both be masturbating on our respective ends, and from what I can tell, I am pretty good at writing this stuff. I want to be clear that this was just chatting. I wouldn't trade pics, since I'm missing the goods the women I'm chatting with are interested in, and it's certainly not fair for me to accept pics without being able to provide them. I don't keep in touch with my chat partners after our chat is over, and I am pretty sure everyone

Here is my question: Am I an asshole for doing this? I made a post on Reddit to some real lesbians, and they clearly feel like I am an asshole. One woman told me I need help. So, believe it or not, I stopped. I do not like being an asshole. But I can't help but wonder: Was this really that bad? It's the Internet, for goodness sake, and for all I know I am chatting with other straight dudes who are pretending to be lesbians. Isn't some lying to be expected? And if I'm not trying to pursue these women in real life, where's the harm?

Don't You Know Everything, Savage?

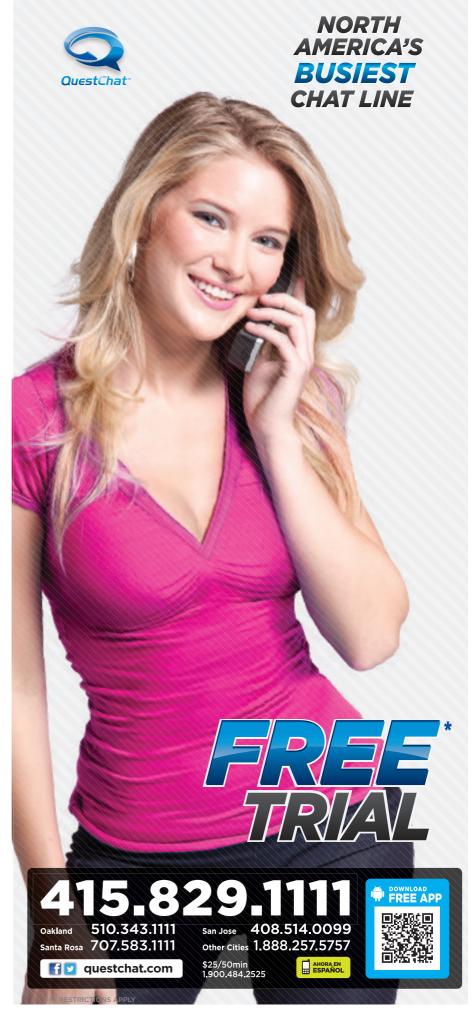
Loathe as I am to contradict the Lesbians of Reddit — which sounds like the title of a '50s lesbian pulp-fiction novel — I don't think you're an asshole, DYKES.

If you created fake personal ads, if you actively misled lesbians who contacted you, if you sent women pics that weren't yours in an effort to trick them into believing that you were an actual lesbian, if you strung lesbians along via e-mail for weeks or months — if you were doing any of that shit — then you would be an asshole. But spinning out a few masturbatory fantasies on a site designed to facilitate one-on-one conversations between people who are never going to meet? That's not asshole behavior. You found a way to enjoy your wannabe-lesbian fantasies without doing harm to any actual flesh-and-vulva

And yes, DYKES, most of the "lesbians" you chatted with on Omegle were other straight dudes.

This week on the Savage Lovecast, Dan speaks with Daniel Bergner about foot fetish shame at savagelovecast.com.

E-mail Dan Savage: mail@savagelove.net @fakedansavage on Twitter



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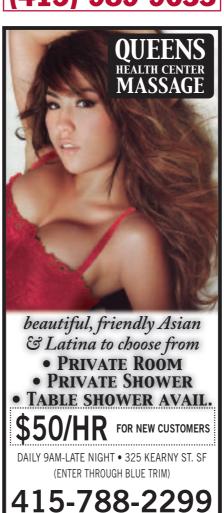














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